

STORIES
OF THE
GOLDEN AGE
ANDERSON



EVERYCHILD'S SERIES



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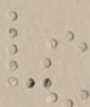
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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

STORIES
OF THE GOLDEN AGE

BY

MARY GOOCH ANDERSON



New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1914

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PREFACE

IF we had to wait until we had learned Greek and Latin to read the stories of ancient gods and goddesses, very few of us would know about them. Think how much we should miss. Think of the beauties of mythology that we could not enjoy.

But we do not have to wait, and we are richer because we do not. Many scholars have translated and enjoyed — first-hand, we might say — the stories of the deities of the Greeks and the Romans. But for us, not so fortunate and yet fortunate too, there lived, many years ago, a man who collected all these stories and published them in English. This was Thomas Bulfinch. We must thank him for the pleasure the stories give us; for the appreciation of literature they make possible, and for the richer thought they afford.

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MOUNT OLYMPUS AND THE GODS

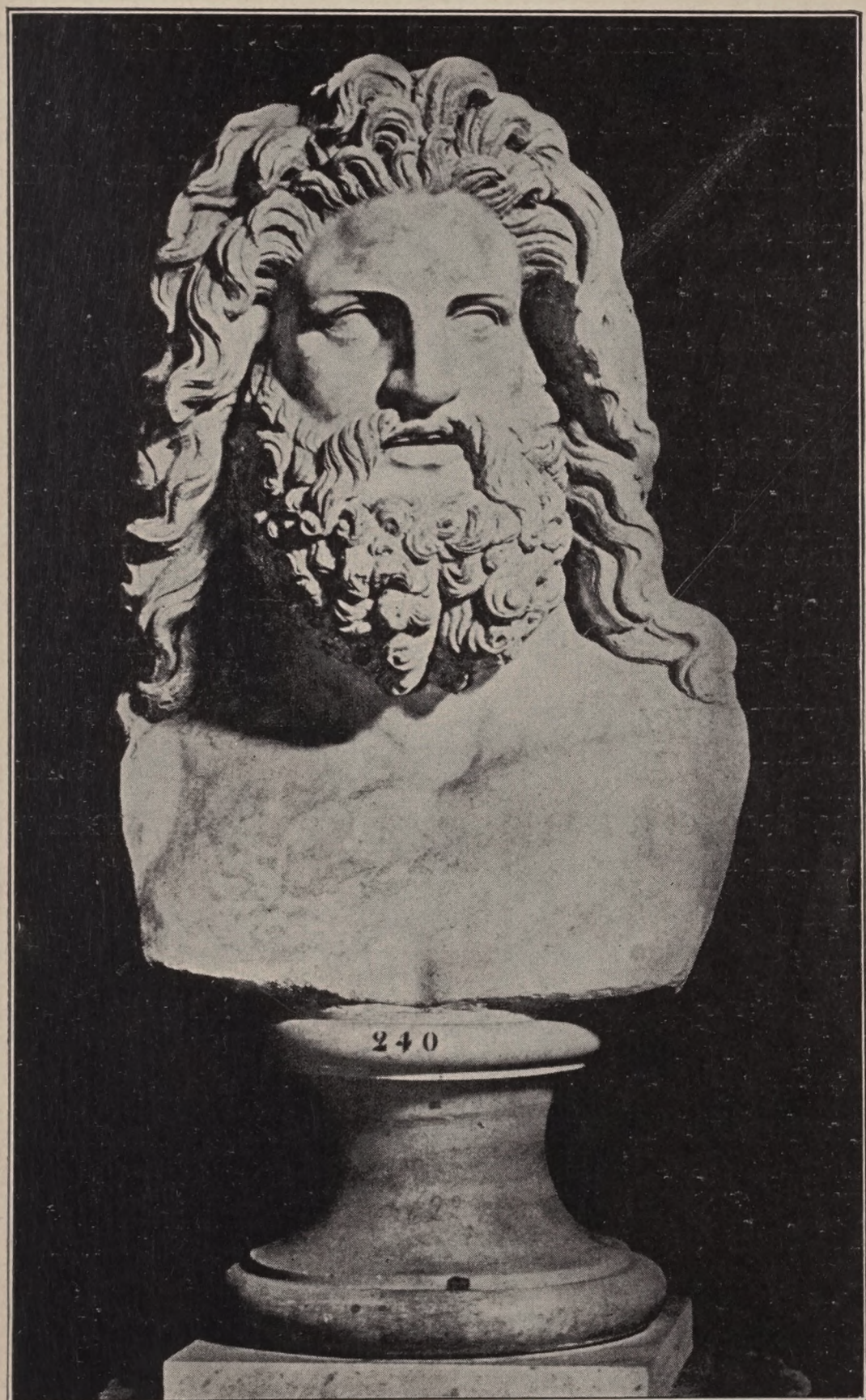
MOUNT OLYMPUS AND THE GODS

WE must thank the Greeks and Romans who lived in Ancient Times for the stories of their gods and goddesses. These people who lived a long, long time ago, — even many hundred years, — did not know a great many things that we know to-day. They knew little of who lived outside of their own countries ; so they imagined what these people might be like. They knew little about the earth they lived on, but they imagined it was round and flat like a huge silver dollar. They knew little about any body of water except the Mediterranean Sea, so they called it The Great Sea. They knew little about the heavens and what lay beyond, so they imagined that beyond the clouds dwelt the gods and goddesses. They knew not what was under the earth, so they fancied that this underworld was the abode of other gods and that this was the place to which the dead went when they left the earth.

They knew that the sun rose and set, but what made it? They did not know, so they said that the Great Sun God drove in a golden chariot drawn by fiery horses across the heavens each day, and this brought dawn, then daylight, then dusk. If a great storm raged, the people marveled and explained it by saying that the Father of Gods and Men was angry and in his wrath was hurling thunderbolts and forked lightning through the air. This Father of the Gods they called Jupiter. He was the greatest of all the gods.

With the other gods he lived in the heavens, but he could come to earth when he chose. He could visit not only gods but mortals, as well, and he could assume any form he liked so that no one could recognize him. Then, too, he could exercise this power of change over others. If anything had been done to displease Jupiter, the offender might feel himself gradually becoming a calf or a snake or whatever the god wished.

Juno was the wife of Jupiter. Often he grew tired of her and took another wife for a while. Because he was a god and the greatest of gods, all the other divinities — except Juno, of course



Jupiter

— thought this behavior right. But, as we shall see later, much trouble and unhappiness came from Jupiter's love for other goddesses.

Jupiter's palace stood above Mount Olympus, and the ancients believed that this mountain occupied the very center of the earth. Here, when the affairs of heaven and earth were to be discussed, the gods and goddesses assembled. Here they feasted and listened to Apollo, who was also the god of music, as he played on his lyre. Here they heard the muses sing. And when the day was over, they returned to their homes in the heavens. The road they took stretches across the face of the sky. Look for it on the next clear night. We call it "The Milky Way."

PRO-ME'THEUS AND PAN-DO'RA

THE ancients had a strange idea of the creation of man. They said that two of the Ti'tâns made him. These two were brothers, Ep-i-me'theus and Pro-me'theus. Pan-do'ra, the first woman, was sent to Epimetheus by the gods as a punishment. Why do you suppose man was so punished?

Mi-ner'va

Mer'cu-ry

PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA

JUST as the ancients did not know about the shape of the earth, just as they thought that the sun moved through the sky, and just as, to account for things, they imagined the stories of gods and goddesses, so, not knowing about the first man and how he was created, they made a fable about him.

They believed that before man was created, the earth was peopled with a race of giants called Titans. After some great god had made the earth, the sea, the sky, and the Titans, then it was left to the Titans to make the animals and man. Some of the Titans made the beasts of the field; some, the animals that live in the sea. Others made the creeping and crawling things. Two of the Titans, Prometheus and Epimetheus, who were brothers, were appointed to make man.

Prometheus mixed up some earth with some water and fashioned man in the image of the gods.

All other animals walked on four feet and their faces looked toward the ground. But man stood erect and turned his face to heaven and gazed at the stars.

Epimetheus had given the animals weapons with which to defend themselves. To some he had given wings that they might fly from danger. To others he gave claws with which to fight any who might disturb them. To yet others he gave poison, as to the snake, so that mortals might fear them. Epimetheus had been so generous in giving not only wings and claws and poison, but courage and swiftness and strength to the animals, that when Prometheus was ready to finish man, there was no gift left with which to make him different from the animals.

These two brothers consulted together. After thinking and thinking, they could decide on nothing to give man. Then they went to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and consulted her. She gave them good advice. "Give man fire," she said, "then he can rule the world." Now to get the fire, as there was none on earth, Prometheus had to take a long journey to the palace

of the Sun. He carried a hollow reed along. In this he hid fire from the sacred hearth, and brought it down thence to man. This was the greatest gift that Prometheus could have given him. With fire man can make weapons to fight with. With fire he can heat a place to live. With fire he can coin money and make many lovely things.

Jupiter did not know that mortals had stolen his fire, for he was away when the thief got it. But one day he looked down from his palace in the sky and saw smoke. "Strange," said he, "I see smoke on earth." He thought at first that he must be mistaken, for mortals had no fire. "But," he said, "there must be fire, where there is so much smoke." And he looked closer and found fire. Immediately he grew angry. He decided that man must be punished, but he did not know what the punishment should be. After much thought, Jupiter concluded that he would send woman to man, and in that way punish him. So he mixed up some earth and water and made a woman. He called a council of the gods and goddesses and told each to give

woman some quality which would make her different from man. Venus, Jupiter's daughter, was the goddess of love and beauty. She gave woman beauty. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, gave her the power of persuading man to do her will. Apollo made her gifted in music. And in this way, each god contributed to woman's make-up. So it was that Jupiter named her Pandora, which means the "all-gifted."

Jupiter brought Pandora to earth and presented her to Epimetheus, who accepted her gladly. Epimetheus, because he did not know Jupiter was angry, thought that Pandora was a gift of blessing. Prometheus all the while begged Epimetheus to be careful; for he knew that they had done wrong to steal the fire from Jupiter.

There is a story that Epimetheus kept in his house a jar in which were a lot of hurtful things that were not used in making the animals and man. Prometheus had many times urged his brother to hide the jar, lest it be opened by mistake. But Epimetheus, who never thought of what he did until it brought him trouble, disregarded the advice of his brother and kept the jar



“One day, when no one was looking, she slipped the cover off and peeped in.”

where anybody could see it. Other stories say that Mercury, when he brought Pandora, brought the jar as a marriage gift, or dowry, from the gods. At any rate, there was the jar in the house of Epimetheus.

Now, while the gods were bestowing on Pandora their gifts, some one had given her curiosity. No sooner did she see the lovely jar tightly covered, than she wanted to know what was inside. One day when no one was looking, she slipped the cover off and peeped in. Immediately there escaped a hundred or more plagues for man. There were all passions, evil tempers, worries, all diseases that poison his mind and torment his body. All these immediately began their task. They circled about Pandora and stung her. She put the lid back quickly. It was too late! The evils had escaped, and Jupiter was revenged on man.

First the world was full of pain and despair for Epimetheus and Pandora. But one day Pandora heard a sweet voice calling her. It seemed to come from the jar. She was afraid, and would not open the jar to see. But at last,

won by the voice, she lifted the lid. Into the world flew Hope ! This beautiful fairy some pitying god had put in the box to cheer man. And Hope has never left him.

Jupiter was not satisfied with punishing and afflicting man through Pandora's curiosity. He punished Prometheus also. He had Prometheus chained to a high cliff and sent an eagle to prey on his body. But long after, Hercules, the son of Jupiter, slew the vulture and set Prometheus free.

MI-NER'VA AND A-RACH'NE

MINERVA, the goddess of weaving as well as of war and wisdom, was once insulted by Arachne. This mortal maiden claimed that she could weave as skillfully as the goddess. A contest followed.

A-rach'ne

Nep'tune

Eu-ro'pa

A-the'ne

MINERVA AND HER CONTEST WITH ARACHNE

MINERVA was one of Jupiter's numerous children. The ancients believed that she sprang forth full-grown and in full armor from her father's brain. It seems that the ruler of gods once had a pain in his head. Now pains are not common among the gods, and this proved particularly vexing to Jupiter. As it grew worse, he called Vulcan, who, at his father's request, split open the aching head with an ax. Forth leaped Minerva.

Minerva was the goddess of war, — not of war for the love of violence and bloodshed as Mars was, — for she helped people to defend themselves when others made war on them. She was also the goddess of wisdom, and the goddess of spinning, weaving, and needlework.

Minerva's home was at Athens. During the reign of the first king of Athens, Neptune and Minerva each claimed Athens. Thus a dispute

arose. The gods decided that the city should belong to the one who created the most useful gift for mortals. Neptune produced a horse and Minerva an olive tree. The gods decided in favor of Minerva. So Athens came to be her own city. It was called from her name, for the Greeks called her "Athene."

Minerva was jealous of her skill in weaving and embroidery. Whenever she heard of anybody who was expert in her arts and who did not give her credit for their success, she was angry.

There was a mortal named Arachne, who did such beautiful work that the nymphs would crowd around her and watch her fingers as they wove beautiful figures. If Arachne had said, "I am thankful that Minerva smiles on me and gives me such success," Minerva would have been pleased. But Arachne said, "I care nothing for this goddess. Who is she? She has not taught me my art. I am as skilled as she is, — let her try her skill with me."

Minerva, of course, heard this and was sorry, — almost angry, but she thought perhaps Arachne did not know how serious a matter it was to defy

a goddess in such a manner. She assumed the form of an old woman. Coming to Arachne, she said to her in a kind tone, "I am an old woman and have had much experience, so I hope you will take my advice. You may challenge your companions and any *mortals* you please, but I advise you not to speak as you have done of Minerva. She will not like it. Ask her pardon for what you have said. She may forgive you." But Arachne proudly replied that she did not fear the goddess.

At that moment, Minerva assumed her own form. The nymphs were amazed. The bystanders dropped back in awe. But Arachne was not moved. She did not try to keep from entering a contest with the goddess, but, confident of her skill, agreed to start at once.

The contest began. The weaving proceeded. Both Minerva and Arachne worked with speed. Beautiful colors and intricate figures appeared.

On her web Minerva wrought the scene of her contest with Neptune. All of the gods sat in council. Neptune, who seemed just to have finished his horse, and Minerva, with her helmet and golden breastplate, occupied the center.



“Both Minerva and Arachne worked with speed. Beautiful colors and intricate figures appeared.”

Arachne wove into her work scenes from the lives of the gods which showed their errors and failings. She represented Jupiter, in the guise of a bull, with Europa on his back, as he swam with her to Crete. So natural did it seem that one could almost see the terror on Europa's face. Many other incidents Arachne depicted.

Minerva was forced to admire the skill of the weaver. But Arachne, glancing at Minerva's web, knew she was defeated. In her shame, she would have hung herself. But Minerva touched her, saying, "Live, guilty woman; and lest you forget this lesson, you shall continue to weave, — you and all your descendants."

Immediately Arachne's form commenced to change. Her head and her feet were drawn up into her body. Her arms shriveled until her fingers were fastened to her side. Then her fingers withered.

Minerva left her thus, changed into a huge spider. From that day to this Arachne has been spinning her web. Haven't you often seen one of her children hanging by a slender thread to the web she has woven?

THE STORY OF PEGASUS

Bel-ler'o-phon, with the winged horse Peg'a-sus to help him, overcame the fearful monster Chi-mæ'ra.

Me-du'sa

Per'se-us

THE STORY OF PEGASUS

ONCE a beautiful maiden named Medusa dared to claim that she was as lovely as Minerva. Of course this made Minerva angry, and she changed the pretty girl into a terrible monster. Her lovely hair became a crown of hissing snakes. She was so horrible that all who gazed upon her turned to stone.

Perseus set out to rid the country of this monster. Minerva helped him, and so did Mercury. Minerva lent Perseus her shield, which was so bright that he used it as a mirror, because if he had looked directly at Medusa, he too would have been turned to stone. With this shield he had no trouble in finding Medusa and in cutting off her head. He gave her head to Minerva and ever after she wore it in the middle of her shield. When Perseus cut off Medusa's head, her blood sank in the ground and a great horse, like our horses except that it had wings and could fly, sprang forth. Minerva tamed the horse and gave him to the Muses.

The Chimæra was a terrible monster whose body was like a lion and a goat in front but whose tail was like a dragon. It caused great fear and damage in Lycia, so the king was very anxious to have it killed. He could find no one to undertake the task. About the time he was seeking a hero to kill the Chimæra, a man named Bellerophon arrived at the court. He brought with him letters from the king's son-in-law saying that he was a great fighter. But the letter ended by asking the king of Lycia to kill Bellerophon. Of course the king did not wish to kill his guest, so he decided that he would send him to fight the Chimæra, and so perhaps *he* would not have to kill him.

Bellerophon was glad enough to go. He consulted a soothsayer as to what help he would need and what weapons he had best carry. The soothsayer advised Bellerophon to get Pegasus to help him. "Stay," he said, "all night in the Temple of Minerva and she will surely help you." Sure enough, while he was asleep in the temple, Minerva came to him and put in his hand a golden bridle. When he awoke, he was still holding the bridle. Minerva directed him to where Pegasus was drink-

ing at a fountain. Bellerophon watched his opportunity. Suddenly he vaulted upon the steed's back. Pegasus rose into the air, but after a struggle the hero slipped the bridle on him. As soon as Pegasus felt the golden bridle, he became gentle and tractable. He rose in the air like a bird and carried Bellerophon to the Chimæra. Bellerophon overcame the monster in a terrible fight.

Disappointed that Bellerophon was not killed in the fight, the king gave him many other labors to perform. He soon found, however, that the gods were with Bellerophon. So he stopped trying to kill him and, instead, gave him his daughter for his wife.

Bellerophon was very proud of what he had accomplished. Too proud, Jupiter thought, because he tried to fly to heaven on Pegasus. This angered the great god and he sent a gadfly to sting Pegasus. The winged steed shied, throwing Bellerophon to the ground and hurting him so that he was lame and blind for life.

Then Pegasus, freed by this accident, flew away to the heaven of the immortals.

I'O

JUNO one day found Jupiter with a lovely heifer. Why Juno made Ar'gus watch the heifer, and why Jupiter sent Mer'cu-ry to kill Argus, is very interesting. You shall hear about it.

I'o

Syr'inx

Ar'gus

Di-a'na

IO'S TROUBLES

THE gods and goddesses had emotions and failings very much like ours. The great Jupiter himself admired beautiful nymphs and maidens, and Juno, his wife, was jealous. Juno knew her husband's weakness and was ever on the watch for it.

Awaking one day, she noticed her husband's absence. When she went to look for the god, the world became suddenly dark. A great cloud of dust hid the light of the sun. Immediately Juno thought, "This must be some of Jupiter's work. He is trying to conceal some wrong he is doing." She descended, and found her husband standing on the bank of a clear stream. Near him was a beautiful heifer. "Why should Jupiter be playing with a heifer?" thought she. "That is surely a curious plaything for a god." Women to-day are said to jump at conclusions. Certainly Juno

did. "That heifer's form, I wager, covers the fair form of some nymph or mortal maiden," she said. And she had guessed right. The heifer was Io, the daughter of the river god whom Jupiter had quickly changed in form when he heard Juno approaching.

Jupiter was not clever enough for his jealous wife. She joined him, admired the heifer, and asked why he was playing with it. Jupiter did not know what to say. Wishing to stop her questions, he told Juno that this was a new kind of a heifer he had just created. Immediately Juno wanted it for her own. Jupiter reluctantly gave the heifer to Juno.

This did not satisfy Juno's jealousy. She still believed that the heifer was something more than a mere heifer. To discover Jupiter's secret, she delivered her new gift over to Argus, and commanded him to watch the animal. Argus was the very best one she could have chosen for this work. He had a hundred eyes in his head, and never slept with all of them at one time.

During the day Argus allowed Io to graze, but at night he tied her up with a rope around her

neck. Poor Io was helpless. Frequently she saw her father and her sisters, but she could not make herself known to them. All she could do was to be gentle with them, and allow them to feed and pet her. One day when her father was near, Io took her hoof and made in the sand the two letters that spelled her name. Her father recognized it at once. Throwing his arms around her neck, he mourned over her, saying, "Would that you had been lost to me entirely rather than that I should find you in this form."

Of course Argus saw Io write her name, and saw the embraces of her father, — for he saw everything. He at once drove Io away, and resumed his watch.

All this time Jupiter, troubled and sad that Io should be suffering through his fault, was planning how he might put Argus to sleep. Finally he called Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and told him what he wanted done. Quickly Mercury put on his winged slippers and his winged cap. Quickly he picked up his wand that would put people to sleep. Quickly he leaped down from Jupiter's palace to the river-

bank near the place where Argus kept watch over Io. When Mercury came in sight, he took off his cap and slippers, for he would surely have been recognized by them. He changed his wand into a shepherd's crook and, disguising himself as a shepherd, he strolled along and played on his pipes till he was near Argus.

By this time Argus was lonely and tired of his work. Gladly indeed he welcomed some one with whom to talk. He liked the music Mercury made on his pipes. He invited the god to sit on the rock by him and play to him. Mercury was delighted with the invitation, for he hoped that by playing soothing tunes he might lull Argus to sleep. But in vain he seemed to play, for every time Mercury looked at Argus some of the hundred eyes were watching. Many stories of the gods and their loves Mercury told. Then he decided that as Argus seemed interested in his pipes, he would tell the story of them. So he told the story of Syrinx and the Pandean Pipes.

There was once a lovely nymph, Syrinx, whom the satyrs and sprites of the wood loved. But she adored Diana, the virgin goddess, and would



“But in vain he seemed to play, for every time Mercury looked at Argus some of the hundred eyes were watching.”

not listen to their love words. She loved the chase and shunned her wooers. Even Pan, the god of shepherds, wooed her in vain. One day she fled from Pan, her lover. Pan pursued and was overtaking her. She called wildly to the river gods for help. They heard her prayer and as she neared the river edge helped her swiftly. When Pan threw his arms around her body, he embraced not Syrinx, but an armful of reeds. His moans and songs of sadness passed through the reeds and there sounded a strange melody. Pan broke off some of these reeds, placed them side by side, and made an instrument of music. This instrument he called Syrinx because it was the name of the nymph he loved and because it was made from the cluster of reeds into which she was transformed.

People call the instrument the "Pipes of Pan," because Pan made it.

As Mercury finished his story and started to play again on the Pipes of Pan, he looked around at Argus, and wonder of wonders! Argus was asleep. Mercury could not believe his own eyes. Looking more carefully, he found all of the hun-

dred eyes closed. Was it the magic of the story or was it the music? Mercury did not stop to reason. He lifted his hand and cut off Argus's head. Then Mercury hastened to report to Jupiter what he had done.

When Juno heard of the death of Argus, she was enraged. She plucked out all of his hundred eyes and put them as ornaments on the tail of her handsome peacock, and since that day, all peacocks have worn them.

But Juno was not yet satisfied. She sent a huge gadfly to torment Io. Io was frantic and fled all over the world. But try as she might, she could not get away from the gadfly. It would follow her and worry her everywhere she went. She swam through a sea, and since then the sea has been called the Ionian Sea for her. After that she roamed over plains, climbed mountains, and at last ended her wanderings down on the banks of the Nile. Here she was sick and weary and ready to die.

At length Jupiter could stand to see her sufferings no longer, so he humbled himself and besought Juno to cease tormenting Io. Juno was

now satisfied. She consented to leave Io alone if Jupiter would promise that never again would he pay her any attention.

Restored to her beautiful form again, Io went back to live with her father and her sisters.

LA-TO'NA

LATONA, a poor thirsty goddess, one day wanted a drink of water. Every time she tried to drink, some country people stirred up the water and made it muddy. Do you think they should have been punished ?

LATONA AND THE RUSTICS

MANY people suffered on account of Juno's jealousy. Sometimes she had cause to be jealous, sometimes she imagined she had.

Latona, the goddess of dark nights, whom Jupiter especially loved, was made to wander over many lands and to suffer numberless insults. Juno not only did all in her own power to make Latona miserable, but she made others rude and cruel to her.

One day Latona was weary with her journey. The dust had parched her lips and she was dreadfully thirsty. In the distance she saw a cool stream. She hastened eagerly to the place. She was just stooping at the water's edge when some country people, who were gathering willow twigs, saw her. Thinking to gain Juno's favor, they attacked her. Each time she tried to drink they stopped her. "Why do you keep me from drinking?" Latona said to them. "Surely water

is free to all. Nature allows no one to claim as his property the sunshine, the air, or the water. I come to take my share of the common blessing. Yet I have to ask it of you as a favor. I do not wish to bathe my limbs in it, weary though they be. I wish only to quench my thirst. My mouth is so dry I can hardly speak. A drink of water would be as sweet as nectar to me; it would revive and refresh me, and I would bless you for the rest of my life."

But the clowns would not listen to Latona's prayer. They waded into the water and stirred up the mud with their feet. Latona was so angry that she forgot her thirst. Lifting her eyes to heaven, she cried, "May these people never leave the pool." Jupiter granted her request.

The clowns are no longer people. Immediately their voices became harsh and their mouths stretched all across their faces. Their backs turned green and their fronts white. They were frogs! They still live in the water which they muddied and they still croak. Haven't you heard them?

But Latona roamed on, still driven by Juno's



“They waded in the water and stirred up mud with their feet.”

cruelty. At last, weary from this persecution, she came to the sea. Neptune, who is king in the realm of waters, pitied her. He sent a dolphin to carry her to Delos, the floating island. But there the rocking of her new home annoyed Latona so much that Neptune made fast the island in the sea. At Delos, twin children were born to Latona. They were Apollo, the god of music and of the sun, and Diana, queen of hunters and goddess of the moon.

BAU'CIS AND PHI-LE'MON

JUPITER and Mercury once came to earth and were kindly received by Baucis and her husband Philemon. A feast was made for the gods, who in gratitude promised the old couple the desire of their hearts.

Bau'cis

Phi-le'mon

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

SOMETIMES gods and goddesses left their homes and visited the earth.

Once Jupiter and his son Mercury, Jupiter's favorite companion, journeyed together on earth. Jupiter told his son to leave behind the wings of his cap and slippers, for people would surely recognize him by them. The gods decided that they would pose as weary travelers seeking food and shelter. From door to door they went, but found everywhere that people were not anxious to be disturbed by strangers.

At last they came to a humble dwelling, a tiny cottage with a thatched roof. Here lived two old people: Baucis, a good woman, with her kind husband Philemon. These two had married when they were young and had lived happily through the long years together. They were very poor, but were neither ashamed of their poverty nor unhappy because of it. Without

children or servants, the old people lived with each other contentedly. To their humble home the two gods came as travelers weary from their journey. Philemon greeted them and offered them chairs. While Baucis was rekindling her fire, which had been covered for the night, and preparing for the guests a simple meal, her husband went to the little garden and gathered for her a few vegetables and herbs. After Baucis had made these ready for use, she filled a bowl with warm water that the guests might refresh themselves by bathing after their dusty journey. All the while, the gods talked to the old couple and learned about their long and happy life together.

Soon Baucis started to set the table. A bench was drawn up and on it was placed a cushion for the guests. Over the cushion, Baucis spread a piece of fine linen which she used only for company. Then with sweet-smelling herbs, she rubbed the table and set on it olives, cornel berries preserved in vinegar, radishes, and cheese; and from the ashes she took the eggs she had been cooking. Presently the stew was ready. Though the dishes were earthenware and the water was served in

wooden cups, the stew was smoking-hot. The travelers, after all the unkindness they had just met, appreciated the old couple's efforts and showed their appreciation by eating heartily. A dessert of apples and honey followed.

While they were eating and busily engaged in conversation, Baucis, the careful hostess, noticed that the wine, though much was poured out of the pitcher, did not grow less. This aroused her suspicions that hers were no ordinary guests, but visitors from among the gods.

When Baucis felt sure that she was entertaining gods, she commenced to apologize that her fare had not been better. It was, she said, the best they had. But they did have an old pet goose which they now tried to catch, that they might have a dish fit for the gods. The wise old goose escaped from them and took refuge between Jupiter and Mercury. The gods protected the creature, saying: "We are really gods, as you have guessed. This inhospitable village shall pay the penalty for not receiving us. You alone shall escape punishment. Leave your house and come with us to the top of yonder hill."

Quickly the good people obeyed, and climbed, staff in hand, to the hilltop. When they were nearly to the summit, they turned to look back. Behold! The country below was sinking and water was flooding in. While they were looking and sorrowing over the fate of their neighbors, they were astonished to see the ground on which their little home stood rising up as an island in the midst of a great lake. Huge columns took the place of the corner posts; the thatch turned yellow and a golden roof appeared; the floors became marble and the doors were ornamented with carving and overlaid with gold.

Jupiter, seeing the mingled sorrow and surprise of the two old folks, spoke gently to them. "Excellent old friends, speak, tell us your wishes. What favor have you to ask of us?" Baucis and Philemon consulted shortly, and then Philemon declared to the gods their one desire. "We ask to be your servants. And since we have passed our lives in love and concord, we wish that one and the same hour may take us both from life."

Jupiter heard and granted their prayer. As

long as they lived, they were priests and guardians of the temple that stood where their little home had been. But the day came when Jupiter changed them at the same instant into two trees, and still in this form they guard the gate to his temple.

E'CHO

ECHO was punished by Juno and given the power of speaking *only* in reply. She pined away for Nar-cis'sus, a beautiful youth. Then he fell in love with ——, but have you ever seen the narcissus?

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

ECHO was a beautiful nymph who lived in the woods and hills. She devoted herself to woodland sports and often followed Diana in the chase. But Echo had one fault. She was entirely too fond of talking.

One day Juno, missing Jupiter, sought her lord among the nymphs, for she never forgot his fondness for lovely girls. Echo first saw her coming, and, knowing her errand, the nymph stopped the goddess. Echo prattled to Juno a long time. Jupiter, warned meanwhile, had time to escape. When Juno found what Echo had done, she was angry and cursed the nymph thus: "You shall not have the use of your tongue with which you have cheated me, except for that one purpose you are so fond of, — the purpose of *reply*. You shall have henceforth only the power of the last word."

Soon after this, Echo came upon Narcissus,

a beautiful youth, as he was hunting in the woods. She immediately fell in love with him. She longed to speak to him, but owing to Juno's curse she could not. Nevertheless, much to his disgust, she would follow Narcissus in the chase. One day, when separated from a companion of his hunt, he shouted loudly, "Who's here?" Echo replied, "Here." Narcissus saw no one and again called, "Come." Echo answered, "Come." As no one came, he called, "Why do you shun me?" and Echo in turn asked the same question. "Let's join one another," said Narcissus. "Join one another," joyfully responded the maiden, as she hastened to throw her arms around his neck. Startled at her appearance, he drew away. "Hands off," he cried. "I would rather die than that you should have me." Echo, broken-hearted and in despair, cried, "Have me." But Narcissus scorned and left her.

Echo, in shame, took to the cliffs and the caves. Her body shrank with grief, and gradually she faded away. At last there was left of her only a voice. And still her voice haunts the caves and mountains.

This was not the only instance of Narcissus's



“Startled at her appearance, he drew away.”

cruelty and heartlessness. He always ran away from the nymphs who loved him, and left them to grief. One maiden who had tried in vain to attract him and win his love prayed to the gods that some day Narcissus himself might feel the grief of loving in vain. The gods heard, and this is how they answered her prayer.

In the midst of the forest where Narcissus roamed was a sheltered dell. Here lay a lovely, clear pool. No shepherd or hunter, no wild beast, ever drank here. The clouds and the stars used the pool for a mirror.

One day as Narcissus was hunting through the mountains, he came to the lovely pool. He was tired and warm and thirsty, and he stooped at the edge of the pool to drink. As he did so, he saw a face in the clear depths of the water. The spot was so pretty and the image in the water so lovely that he thought this fountain must be the home of some lovely water nymph. The boy stood and gazed, admiring the bright eyes and the golden hair that curled like that of Bacchus or Apollo. He admired the white neck and the flushed cheeks. He fell in love with the image.

Narcissus brought his lips near to the surface of the water to take a kiss. He plunged his arms in to embrace the lovely creature. It fled at his touch, but returned again after a minute as beautiful as before.

Narcissus forgot his sports and companions. He forgot food and sleep. For days and days he gazed at the image. He talked imploringly to it. "Why, beautiful one, do you shun me? Surely my face does not frighten you. The nymphs love me and you look at me without fear. When I stretch out my arms, you stretch out yours. When I smile, you smile in return. When I blush, you answer me with blushes." His tears fell in the water and drove the face away. "Stay, stay, I beg you. Let me gaze on your beauty, though I may not touch you." With words like these he wooed the nymph.

Many days Narcissus watched. He grew pale and weak. The beauty which had so charmed Echo and the other nymphs left him. And the nymph in the pool, too, was losing her bloom. Her eyes grew large and pitiful and her face met her lover's weakly.

Narcissus pined thus until he died. He did not know that the nymph he loved was only his own image in the water. That beauty of his which had broken the hearts of the nymphs was his own destruction. But though hard-hearted so long, he had been faithful in his own love. For this the gods pitied him. So it was that when the nymphs came to bury his body they could find it nowhere. Where it had lain they saw a tiny flower. The petals were white and the heart within was purple. Even to-day it is called by his name, Narcissus.

HER'CU-LES

HER'CU-LES, like many others, suffered because of Juno's jealousy. Even when he was a baby she tried to kill him, and all through his life she made his pathway hard.

An-tæ'us

Ca'cus

Gi-bral'tar

Eu-rys'theus

HERCULES

WE have read that Hercules set Prometheus free. Hercules was the son of Jupiter whom Juno most hated. She was cruel to him from his birth. Even when he was a tiny baby in his cradle she sent two great snakes to kill him. But she forgot the power of Jupiter. He gave the infant strength. The little Hercules caught one snake in one hand and one in the other and squeezed them to death.

Hercules was educated under Cheiron, the wise centaur, part man and part horse. Cheiron trained many of the heroes. To Hercules in his youth, two women appeared at the parting of the ways. One was Pleasure, the other Virtue. Pleasure offered Hercules a life of happy ease; Virtue offered him a rugged, toilsome path and hard tasks that would make him strong. Hercules chose the path of Virtue.

The gods were with Hercules. Apollo and



The Infant Hercules

Minerva befriended him. But Juno still tormented him. She drove him insane, and in his madness he slew his wife and children. Because of this he had to serve Eurystheus, who planned twelve of the hardest tasks he could think of for Hercules to perform. You will hear these tasks called "the labors of Hercules."

First, Hercules was ordered to kill a great lion. He took with him his club and arrows, but he did not have to use them. With his powerful hands he strangled the lion and carried the skin to Eurystheus. Always after this, Hercules wore the Nemean lion's skin as a cloak.

Hercules was commanded to bring home from a great distance some oxen which belonged to a terrible monster and which were guarded by a giant and his two-headed dog. Hercules easily killed the giant and his dog. He stole the oxen and bore them safely to Eurystheus. It was on this trip to the far west that a mountain stood in his way. So he rent it in twain and left it standing as it still does, half on one side of the narrow water and half on the other. We call the water between the Strait of Gibraltar, and the cloven

parts of the mountain we call the Pillars of Hercules.

As Hercules was driving the oxen home, a giant named Cacus stole some of them and hid them in a cave. This old fellow dragged the oxen in by their tails so that their tracks would not tell Hercules where they were and he would think they had been led away. Hercules, deceived for a time, was leading his remaining cattle away. One of them lowed. The cattle in the cave answered the lowings of those outside ; and so Hercules found them.

Juno punished Hercules with many other adventures and labors. But he was always the victor. He had never forsaken Virtue, and she ever rewarded him with great strength. Over rough and rugged paths he had followed her. Thus his strength developed till he was able to overcome all enemies.

CAD'MUS

CAD'MUS was sent to find his sister Eu-ro'pa, whom Jupiter had stolen. Afraid to go home without her, he wandered far. Did you ever hear of planting dragon's teeth? They brought a strange harvest for Cadmus.

Cad'mus

Eu-ro'pa

Phœ-ni'cia

Thebes

CADMUS, THE BUILDER OF A CITY

YOU would think, wouldn't you, that after getting in so much trouble over mortal maidens and having Juno angry with him so many times, Jupiter would learn to behave? Strange as it may seem, he managed to forget his former scrapes and was no sooner out of one than he was in another. He loved Europa, the daughter of the king of Phœnicia. After changing himself into a beautiful white bull, he ran off with her on his back. He carried her across the waves to the land he called by her name, Europe.

The old king was sadly grieved at the loss of his daughter. He sent forth his sons to find her. They were not to return without Europa.

After a long while the other sons gave up the search and settled in a strange country. But one brother, Cadmus, was more faithful. Yet he was greatly troubled, for he knew not where to search farther, and he dared not return home

without his sister. So he went to the oracle of Apollo at Delphi and asked what he must do. The oracle replied, "Follow the cow."

Puzzled, Cadmus left the oracle and traveled over the plains. He beheld before him a cow. Slowly she walked on before him. He determined to follow her, as the oracle had directed. Seeing the strange procession, others attached themselves, anxious to follow the adventure to its finish. So they all continued after the cow. At last the cow crossed a narrow channel of water and lay down upon the plain beyond. Cadmus fell on his knees and thanked the gods that he had been brought safely by their help to the spot on which he was to build a new city.

Near by, there was an ancient grove. Never had an ax touched one of its trees. In the midst of this grove there was a cave, and from the entrance to the cave, a fountain of clearest, purest water burst forth. In this cave a serpent lived. The scales on his body glittered and sparkled like gold. He had a huge crest, and so full was he of poison that his body seemed swollen. From his mouth vibrated a three-pointed tongue. No



Juno

sooner had the servants, the followers of Cadmus, whom he had now sent for water, dipped their pitchers in the water of the fountain, than the serpent shot his head out of the cave and hissed a long and echoing hiss. The men were so terrified that they could not flee. The serpent struck with this three-pointed tongue, killing several of them. Others he crushed in his huge coils, and yet others his poison-laden breath destroyed.

Cadmus waited long for his servants before he went to look for them. He grew uneasy. Fearing that they had encountered some enemy, he put on his lion's skin and set out to find them. Besides his weapons of iron, javelin and lance, he carried in his breast a brave and courageous heart.

As he entered the wood, he saw the bodies of his faithful followers. He saw the great monster with his jaws still bloody from the feast. He took up a great rock and hurled it at the serpent. Such a stone might have crushed a house, but it made not even a dent in the body of the dragon. Cadmus then threw his javelin. This pierced the scales of the serpent and stuck into his body. The monster raised his head high,

saw the spear in his back, and grasped it with his mouth to pull it out, but the spear broke and left its point in his flesh. The pain made him more angry than before. He swelled with rage. He filled the air with bloody foam and poisonous breath. Then, as fast as his wounded back would let him, he started after Cadmus. Cadmus picked a time when the head of the monster was opposite a tree, then the hero threw his javelin. The weapon pierced the head of the serpent and pinned it fast to the tree.

As Cadmus stood looking at the beast he had overcome, he heard a voice speaking to him. "Take the three rows of teeth from the dragon's mouth and plant them in the earth," said the voice. Cadmus knew that the voice came from a god. He pulled out the teeth. He dug a furrow in the ground. He sowed the teeth and covered them with dirt. No sooner had he finished than the clods of earth began to move. Points of spears shot up through the ground. Next the plumes of helmets came up and then the heads and shoulders of men. Finally the bodies were entirely above the ground. The serpent's teeth had pro-

duced a crop of armed men. The voice called to Cadmus, "Throw a stone among them." As the stone fell in their midst, the soldiers began to attack each other fiercely. All but five of the men were presently killed. The survivors threw away their weapons and joined Cadmus. On the plain near the cave where the serpent had lived they built a city, the city of Thebes.

THE OR'A-CLE OF APOLLO

PEOPLE often consulted the oracle of Apollo at Del'phi. I know you want to know what the oracle was.

THE ORACLE OF APOLLO

YOU will often notice in these stories, that some one is said to have consulted the oracle, so you must know what the oracle was and how it came to be.

Long ages ago, shepherds who cared for their herds as they grazed near Mount Parnassus noticed that when the sheep and goats went near a certain long, deep cleft in the side of the mountain, they were thrown into convulsions or fits. This, the shepherds said, was on account of a peculiar gas that escaped from between the rocks. One old shepherd thought that since it affected his flock as it did, he would try its effect on himself. As he neared the place, a strange feeling took possession of him. He behaved just as his herd had done. But instead of making the terrible noise that the animals had made, the shepherd talked as if he were drunk. The people in the country round about heard the story that this shepherd

told. They decided that the vapor must be the breath of a god, that the words an affected person spoke were inspired by the god, and were therefore the words of the god.

Later a temple was built over the rock and dedicated to Apollo. Over the spot where the gas escaped, a tripod was placed, and on this tripod sat a virgin priestess crowned with the laurel sacred to Apollo. The priestess was affected by the fumes, and when she spoke, the words that she uttered were supposed to be the words of the god.

Whenever any one was in trouble about a matter or was in doubt as to what to do, he sent to the Oracle of Apollo at Delphi. Whatever the oracle bade them do, they did, for the oracle spoke the will of the god.

APOLLO AND DAPH'NE

APOLLO loved Daphne. Cu'pid knew why!
But she scorned him and was finally changed
into, — yet I must not tell you what. You will
find out.

Bel've-dere

Py'thon

Del'phos

Hy'men

De'los

Ten'e-dos



Apollo Belvedere

APOLLO AND DAPHNE

APOLLO and his twin sister Diana, as we have said, were born on the island of Delos, where Latona had taken refuge from Juno. Jupiter was the father of these twins, Apollo, the god of music, and Diana, the goddess of hunting; and of course Juno was jealous of their mother.

Apollo was skilled in the use of the bow and arrow and often slew hares, wild goats, and such small game. His greatest feat of arms, and one of which he was proud, was the slaying of the great serpent Python. Python lived in a cave, and, whenever he crept forth, spread terror among mortals. This enemy of man, Apollo slew with his arrows. In honor of his deed, Apollo instituted the games known as the Pythian games. At these games trials of strength took place, foot races, and chariot races. There were contests, too, in music, poetry, and oratory. The victor in these games was always crowned with a wreath of beech leaves, because Apollo, when he instituted

the Pythian games, had not yet adopted the laurel as his own tree. The famous statue of Apollo, called the Belvedere, represents the god just after his victory over the serpent Python.

Apollo, like the other gods, often became subject to the charm of mortal girls. An early love of his was named Daphne. He did not, as we say, "fall in love" with her. It was Cupid who caused him to love her. Cupid was the son of the beautiful Venus, and was called "the Little Love God." One day Apollo saw Cupid playing with his bow and arrows. Much puffed up over his recent slaying of the Python, Apollo was fretted at seeing young Cupid with his weapons. So he spoke thus to him: "What have you to do with warlike weapons, saucy boy? Leave them for hands worthy of them. Behold the conquest I have won by means of them over the vast serpent who stretched his poisonous body across the plains! Be content with your torch, child, and kindle up your flames of love, as you call them, where you will. But do not dare meddle with my weapons."

Cupid grew angry at the god's words. He

answered Apollo, "Your arrows may strike all things, Apollo, but mine shall strike you."

Young Cupid had arrows of two kinds. One kind was tipped with gold and very sharp at the point. When this pierced a person's heart, he was seized with violent love for another. Then Cupid had a dull-pointed variety of arrow, which was tipped with lead. When pierced by such an arrow, a person grew sick of the thought of love and would listen to no words of the lover. So Cupid pierced Apollo's heart with a sharp and golden arrow, and immediately Apollo was seized with love for Daphne. But this maiden, a beautiful nymph, Cupid struck with the point of lead, and forthwith she grew sick of the thought of Apollo's love. Daphne delighted in woodland sports and in the chase. She spurned her many lovers. When her father, anxious for her to marry, said to her, "Daughter, you owe me a son-in-law; you owe me grandchildren," she would blush and throw her arms around his neck, begging that she might always remain unmarried like the goddess Diana. But her father, knowing how lovely she was, said, as he consented, "Your own face will forbid it."

And so it did. Apollo loved Daphne and longed for her. But she would listen to no word he said. She fled from him through the woodlands; Apollo followed. Daphne fled swift as the wind. Swifter still, Apollo pursued her. "Stay," he cried. "Beautiful Daphne, I am not a foe. Do not fly from me as a lamb does from a wolf, or as a dove from a hawk. It is for love I pursue you. You make me miserable for fear you might fall and hurt yourself. Pray run slower, and I will follow slower. I am no clown, no rude peasant. Jupiter is my father, and I am lord of Delphos and Tenedos. I am the god of song and of the lyre. My arrows fly true to the mark; but, alas, an arrow more fatal than mine has pierced my heart! I am the god of medicine and know the virtues of all healing plants, but my own sickness no herb can cure!"

Still Daphne fled; still the god followed. At last she felt his panting breath blowing on her hair. At last she felt her strength leaving her. Pitifully she called on her father, the river god Peneus, to protect her. "Help me, dear father! Open the earth to inclose me, or change



“He touched the stem and felt the tremble of her flesh under the bark.”

my form which has brought me into this danger !” She had scarcely spoken when a stiffness seized her beautiful limbs ; her bosom began to be inclosed in a tender bark and leaves came in place of her streaming hair ; her arms became branches and her feet stuck fast to the ground.

Apollo drew near. He stood amazed. He touched the stem and felt the tremble of her flesh under the bark. He embraced the branches and lavished kisses on the wood. “Since you cannot be my wife, you shall assuredly be my tree. I will wear you for my crown ; I will decorate with you my heart and my quiver ; and when the great Roman conquerors march in triumphal pomp up to the Capitol, you shall be woven into wreaths for their brows. And as eternal youth is mine, you shall be always green, and your leaf know no decay.”

So Apollo swore ; and Daphne, now changed into a laurel tree, bowed her head. And to-day those who win honors in music or poetry or in feats of strength are crowned, not with beech leaves, but with a wreath of laurel, ever green and reminding us of Apollo’s beautiful love, Daphne.

CLY'TIE

CLY'TIE pined away because she loved Apollo and he did not love her. She was changed into a flower you know.

CLYTIE

CLYTIE was a beautiful water nymph who loved Apollo. But Cupid, you remember, had pierced Apollo's heart with a dart. He loved Daphne, and could not at the same time love Clytie. She grieved and grieved because she was not noticed by the lovely sun god.

She sat all day on the cold ground with her hair loose over her shoulders and pined for her lover. Nine days and nine nights she sat thus. She tasted neither food nor drink. She did not sleep. All day she gazed on the sun as he rose in his fiery chariot in the heavens. She watched faithfully his course until he set in the western heaven at night. Her eyes were on him constantly. She saw nothing else. At last, they say, her limbs became rooted in the ground and her face became a flower which wears, as the sun god does, a crown of golden rays. We call the flower the sunflower, for in memory of Clytie

and her love for Apollo, the sun god, it watches his course every day.

This flower is an emblem of constancy. The English poet Moore says of it:

“ The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
As the Sun-Flower turns on her God when he sets
 The same look that she turned when he rose.”



“ All day she gazed on the sun.”

APOLLO AND HY-A-CIN'THUS

APOLLO and Hy'acinthus were playing at quoits one day, when jealous Zeph'y-rus caused a sad ending to their sport. Can you think of a flower with a name that reminds you of Hyacinthus?

APOLLO PLAYS WITH HYACINTHUS

APOLLO loved, because of his beauty, a young man named Hyacinthus. The god went with this youth in his sports, carried the nets when Hyacinthus went fishing, led his dogs in the hunt, and followed the boy in his rambles among the mountains. For Hyacinthus, Apollo often neglected his arrows and his lyre. One day the god was teaching his favorite the game of quoits. This game of quoits is like a game of pitching horseshoes, which children often play. Some play it with silver dollars. In each case the purpose is the same. The players see who can throw the piece the farthest. Apollo and Hyacinthus played with a large, round piece of metal, called a discus.

Apollo, heaving the discus with all his might and skill, sent it far and high. Hyacinthus watched the discus as it left Apollo's hand and flew through the air. He marveled at the skill of his friend.

Anxious for his turn, he darted forward. As he did so, the discus bounded from the earth and struck him in the forehead. He fainted and fell. Apollo, as pale as the boy, picked him up and tried to stop the blood gushing from the wound. With his skill in medicine he tried vainly to save the life of his young playmate. The hurt was past the power of medicine. Hyacinthus lay as white and limp as a lily when its stem is broken.

“Thou diest,” said the sad Apollo, “robbed of thy youth by me. But since I cannot restore thee to life, thou shalt live in memory. My lyre shall celebrate thee; my song shall tell of thy fate, and thou shalt become a flower to be mine always.” As Apollo was speaking, the blood, which had flowed on the ground and stained the grass, was no longer blood. Instead, in the place where it dropped, there sprang up a flower. The color of this flower was more beautiful than if it had been dyed with the costly Tyrian purple, and its shape was like the lily. Apollo called it, for his friend from whose blood it sprang, “Hyacinth.”

And this, some of the story-tellers say, was why the quoit struck Hyacinthus: The West



“As he did so the discus bounded from the earth and struck him in the forehead. He fainted and fell.”

Wind, whose name was Zephyrus, was jealous because Hyacinthus, whom he loved, so loved the company of Apollo. And when Apollo threw the quoit, the jealous Zephyrus blew it out of its course and caused it to kill Hyacinthus.

PHA-E'TON

THIS young son of Apollo undertook to drive his father's sun chariot through the sky. He had adventures, as you will see.

PHAETON IN THE SUN CHARIOT

PHAETON was the son of Apollo. His mother, the beautiful nymph Clymene, often boasted to him of his divine birth. Phaeton, as he grew older, began to boast proudly of his father.

One day a playmate laughed at Phaeton for saying his father was a god. The boy, who was the son of Jupiter and Io, told Phaeton that he did not believe Phaeton knew *who* his father was. Phaeton was angry. Going to his mother, he demanded, "If my father is really a god, give me some proof of it." His mother stretched out her hands toward the skies and said, "I call the Sun which looks down upon us, to witness that I have told you the truth. If I speak falsely, let this be the last time that I behold his light. Go yourself and ask him."

Phaeton determined to start at once for the palace of his father. He traveled east toward the land of the rising sun. His heart was full of

hope as he neared the palace from which the sun god Apollo began his daily course.

The palace of the sun was beautiful to behold. Huge columns supported the great dome roof, a-glitter with gold and precious stones. Ivory, polished and carved, formed the ceilings, and the doors were of silver. Vulcan, the fire god, the lame son of Jupiter who forged all his father's thunderbolts, had decorated the walls to represent the earth, the sea, and the sky. In the sea were pictured nymphs riding on the waves, or seated on the backs of huge fish or reclining upon the rocks.

Phaeton, overcome by so much splendor, timidly approached the throne where Apollo sat. At a distance from the throne, he stopped a moment, for the light was too bright for his eyes. As his eyes grew accustomed to the glory, he beheld Apollo clad in a purple robe, such as kings wear, and seated on a throne which glittered with diamonds. About the god stood the Day, the Months, and the Year, and behind them were the Hours. Spring was there wearing a wreath of fresh flowers on her golden hair. Summer wore

a crown of ripened grain. Autumn in his robe of red and gold bore huge bunches of ripe grapes, and Icy Winter stood in rags, stiff with frost, apart from the others.

Apollo, who had noticed the boy, wondered what his errand might be. In kind tones Apollo spoke. The youth replied, "O Light of the World, Apollo, My Father, if you will allow me to use that name, give me some proof, I beg you, by which people may know that I *am* your son." As he stopped speaking, Apollo took the boy in his arms and embracing him said, "My son, what your mother has told you is true. That you may doubt no longer, ask what you will. The gift shall be yours." He swore by the river Styx that he would grant the youth's request.

Quickly Phaeton replied, "Let me drive, just one day, your chariot of the sun." The father was shocked at his request. He at once regretted his promise. "I have spoken rashly," he said. "This is the only request I would not grant. Do not ask this, my son. It is not safe, and your strength is not equal to the task. You are mortal, yet you ask something beyond a mortal's power.

You ask to do what the gods may not. Not Jupiter himself can drive over the dangerous road. None but myself can drive the car of day. The way is steep and perilous. About the track wheel the stars, and the path is beset with the terrible monsters of the sky. The lion's jaw will wait for you. The scorpion and crab stretch out their claws. My horses are mighty and untamed. Their breasts are full of the fire that they breathe forth through their mouths and nostrils. I myself can scarcely govern them. I would not like to harm you. Change your request. My fear for you is proof that you are my son. Yet ask whatever you want in earth or sky. Only, I beg you not to urge your request to drive through the heavens. It is not honor, but destruction, you seek."

Thus Apollo ended. He had advised, urged, and done all but refuse. That he could not do. He had sworn by the mightiest oath to keep his word. But Phaeton persisted in his request.

As Apollo could do no more, he at last led Phaeton to the place where the chariot stood. Vulcan had forged it of pure gold. Along the seat were

rows of precious gems sparkling in the brightness of the sun. The daring youth gazed at the chariot and admired its beauty. Early Dawn opened the purple doors of the far east and showed the path strewn with roses. The stars, one by one, took their flight. Apollo, when he saw the Moon leaving, ordered the Hours to harness the horses. They obeyed and led forth the fiery beasts, fresh from their night's rest. Apollo placed on Phaeton's brow his crown of rays, and, sighing, told him good-by. "Take my advice, my son, spare the whip and hold tight the reins. The steeds go fast enough of their own accord. You will see the track the chariot made as I drove yesterday. Follow it. The skies and the earth need the same heat, so go neither too high nor too low. If you go too high, you will burn the homes of the gods. If too low, you will set the earth on fire. The middle course is safest and best. Now I leave you and trust you will do better than I think. Night is passing out of the Gates of the West and we can delay no longer. Take the reins."

But Apollo did not hand the reins over imme-

diately, for he hoped that Phaeton's heart would fail. He whispered to him, "Stay, my son, safe here in your father's palace. I will warm and light the earth." But Phaeton was determined. Seizing the reins, he sprang into the chariot. The horses, anxious to be off, stood pawing the ground and filling the air with their snortings and fiery breath.

The bars are let down now, and the boundless plain of the world lies open before them. They dart forward and upward. They split the clouds. They outrun the morning breezes which started with them. At once the horses feel the lighter hand and weight. As a ship which has no ballast is tossed by the winds on the sea, so the chariot dashes on. The horses rush headlong. Phaeton finds that he cannot guide them.

Then Phaeton, looking down to the earth, sees its vast extent stretched below him. He pales. His knees shake with terror. There is light all about him, but fear blinds him. He wishes he had never heard of his father's horses. He is sorry he ever touched them. He wishes he had never tried to find out whether or not Apollo was

his father. In every direction he looks for help. He does not know what to do. He does not remember whether Apollo said that he must hold the lines tight or let them hang loose. He even forgets the names of the horses.

In this state was Phaeton when he caught the first glimpse of the Scorpion, with its great arms stretching as if to clutch him and its mouth shooting out fangs to poison him. He lost courage entirely. His hands grew limp. The reins fell on the horses' backs. As they felt the reins fall, they dashed off headlong into regions of the sky where they had never been before. They hurled the chariot, now high up and now low to the earth. The Great Bear and the Little Bear were scorched by the heat and tried to plunge into the water. The huge serpent which lies coiled, harmless and asleep, around the North Pole, grew warm, uncoiled, and became fierce and venomous.

Then the clouds began to smoke and the mountain tops to catch on fire. The fields were burnt with heat and the crops withered. Great cities blazed, and whole nations were destroyed.

The Earth grew desperate and raised her voice to Jupiter. "O Ruler of the Gods," she prayed, "why do you withhold your thunderbolts? Soon the earth, the sea, and the sky will be consumed. Is it thus you reward my fertility? Is it thus that you treat me after I have supplied feed for your cattle, fruits for your men, and incense for your altars?"

Jupiter, seeing the destruction, took up a fork of lightning and hurled it out into the heaven. It hit Phaeton and struck him from the seat of the chariot. With his hair on fire, the boy shot headlong like a falling star, leaving behind him a trail of light. A great river received his body. The nymphs built for him a tomb and on the stone carved these lines:

"Driver of Apollo's chariot, Phaeton,
Struck by Jupiter's thunder, rests beneath this
stone,
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet was it much so nobly to aspire."

(OVID)

Phaeton's sisters, the Heliades, wept comfortless until they were turned into poppy trees. Still

dropping tears of amber, they are standing on the banks of the river.

And on the river sails Cycnus, the friend of Phaeton, who loved him most. This boy continued to haunt the river, watching for some sign of Phaeton until, because of his devotion, the gods changed him into a swan.

HOW CERES LOST PROSERPINE

CUPID was never idle. He caused Ce'res a great deal of trouble by sending an arrow into the heart of Pluto.

Et'na

Ce'le-us

Sic'i-ly

Cy'a-ne

HOW CERES LOST PROSERPINE

CERTAIN enemies whom the gods overcame in their wars with the Titans, they buried alive under Mount Etna in Sicily. There these giants and monsters still struggle to get loose. Sometimes in their frenzy they shake the whole island. Through the mountain tops they shoot their fiery breath, and so make what men call a volcano.

Such convulsions did these creatures bring about, that Pluto feared they would break the earth's surface and let light into his dark kingdom. So Pluto, the king of the underworld and the ruler of the dead, often drove about the island of Sicily to examine into the extent of the damage.

For this purpose, Pluto came one day to earth in his heavy iron chariot drawn by strong black horses. As he was driving about, Venus saw him. She said to Cupid, with whom she was playing, "My son, take the darts with which you conquer all and send one into the breast of yonder dark

king. None shall despise your power and mine. Diana, the huntress, and Minerva, the wise one, despise us. And so now does Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres. Show her what you can do. Send an arrow into the heart of the great Pluto that he may be stricken with love for her."

The boy Cupid loosed his quiver and took out a sharp and true arrow. He bent his bow over his knee and let the arrow fly straight to the heart of Pluto.

In a lovely valley where the earth is covered with flowers and where spring reigns eternally, the maiden Proserpine was playing with her companions. They were gathering lilies and violets and filling their baskets and aprons with them. Upon them as they sported in this dell plunged Pluto in his dark car. Frightened, the maidens fled. But Proserpine, the daughter of the goddess Ceres, stood straight and beautiful, staring in surprise and fear at the god. No sooner did Pluto see her than he loved her. Quickly he seized her in his strong arms and carried her off.

Proserpine screamed for help. She called her companions. She called her mother. She pleaded



“But Proserpine, the daughter of the goddess Ceres, stood straight and beautiful, staring in surprise and fear at the god.”

with the dark god. But Pluto paid no attention to her tears and her prayers. He urged on his horses, calling their names loudly, and as he threw the reins loose over their heads, they sped on their

homeward way. As Pluto reached the bank of the river Cyane, the river began to surge and toss. Pluto saw that the river would not let him pass over. So he struck the river bank with his trident — the three-pronged scepter which he always carried — and immediately an underground passage opened and he descended with Proserpine down to the lower world. But as they passed within, Proserpine flung her girdle to the river, hoping the friendly waters would carry it to her mother.

Ceres was grieved over the loss of her daughter. In her sorrow she sought Proserpine day and night. At last, weary with her fruitless search, she sat down by the roadside. For nine days and nine nights, she remained on that spot. She had nothing to eat and nothing to drink. She had nothing to protect her from the sun and the rain.

Near the place where she sat grieving was the home of an old man named Celeus. He was out in the fields one day gathering acorns and berries. With him was his little daughter, who was driving the goats home. As the little girl passed the goddess, who appeared as an old woman, she said

to her, "Mother." At this word, Ceres looked up. "Why do you sit alone upon the rocks?" Then the old man drew near. He said to Ceres that his home was only a poor cottage, but that she could find shelter there.

Finally the goddess consented to accompany the kind old man home. On the way he told Ceres of his son's illness. She stooped and plucked some poppies. When they reached the cottage and Ceres saw the little boy, she kissed his face. Immediately he grew rosy and well.

At supper Ceres put poppy seed in the glass of milk meant for the boy. Soon after, he fell into a heavy sleep. The goddess rubbed his body with oil. She moved to the fire to lay his body among the hot coals. At this moment the child's mother entered. She snatched her son from the goddess. Ceres, who until now appeared as a weary old woman, immediately shone in her true form. She reproved the mother. By interfering, she told the woman, she had kept from her child the gift of immortality. But still Ceres promised that the boy should become great in his knowledge of the earth and of agriculture.

From land to land and over seas Ceres wandered now. She came at last to the river bank where Pluto had made a gateway to the lower world. Here a river nymph gave her the girdle that Proserpine had dropped. Ceres thought that the earth had swallowed her daughter. And so she cursed the ground. Then, because Ceres was the goddess who controlled all growing plants, the fields became barren and the cattle died. Throughout the whole earth there was famine and dismay.

Finally the fountain nymph, Arethusa, said to Ceres, who was resting near her, "The earth did not hide your daughter. I know where she is." Then she told Ceres that she had seen Proserpine sitting at Pluto's side, ruling with him over the realms of the dead.

Then Ceres threatened a fiercer famine on the earth. Then it was that men prayed Jupiter until his ears grew weary of prayers. The ruler of heaven at last sent Mercury to bring Proserpine back to earth.

Pluto was not at all afraid that Proserpine would be taken from him. He received Mercury graciously.

Now a condition which even Jupiter could not alter was that Proserpine might return to earth if, while she was in Pluto's kingdom, she had eaten no food. But she had one day eaten some pomegranate seed which Pluto had given her. Yet, as Ceres prepared to curse the earth anew, Pluto was forced to make a compromise. It was agreed that Proserpine should spend six months of each year with him in his kingdom. Then she was to return to earth, where, with her mother, she could engage in her old duties and her old pleasures.

So it happens that when Proserpine returns to Ceres, spring comes back to earth; then come months of joy and plenty. But when Proserpine goes back to Pluto's throne, the curse of Ceres falls upon the ground, and it grows, with the mother's grief, cold and barren.

OR'PHE-US AND EU-RYD'I-CE

ORPHEUS had lost Eurydice once and had found her. Think of his grief over losing her a second time.

ORPHEUS SEEKS EURYDICE

ORPHEUS was one of the sons of Apollo. When he was but a child, his father gave him a lyre and taught him to play on it so beautifully that nothing could withstand the charm of his music. Beasts, their hearts softened by his strains, forgot their fierceness. Even the rocks and the trees, hearing him, were glad.

At their wedding, Hymen, the god of marriage, was sent for to come and bless the nuptials. He came, but he brought no blessing. Even at the wedding his torch smoked and brought tears to all eyes. This foretold unhappiness.

Soon after the wedding Eurydice was seen by a shepherd, who tried to woo her. In running from him a snake bit her on her foot and so poisoned her that she died. Orpheus sang his grief vainly to all gods and men. Then he determined to seek his wife in the realms of the dead.

He descended into the lower world. He came at last to the throne where Pluto sat with Proser-

pine at his side. Here he stopped and, playing an accompaniment on his lyre, sang: "O gods of the under world, to whom all we who live must come, hear my words! I ask of you my wife. If you deny me, I shall stay among you. I must be with Eurydice." In a strain so sweet he sang his grief, that the spirits wept to hear. Even Pluto could not keep back his tears.

From among the spirits who had lately come Eurydice was called. Limping because of her wounded foot, she came. She was given to Orpheus. On one condition he could take her back to earth. He must not look back at her until they were on the earth again. Orpheus agreed to this, — he would have agreed to anything to regain Eurydice. Under this condition they started. Orpheus led the way. He did not look back. But it presently occurred to him that he was perhaps dreaming. He turned to see if Eurydice was following. As he turned, she vanished from him. Orpheus returned home alone.

In sorrow he returned to earth. For many years he grieved. At last, he, too, went to the kingdom of Pluto, to abide with Eurydice forever.



“Under this condition they started. Orpheus led the way.”

CUPID AND PSY'CHE

ONE day Cupid by accident touched his heart with one of his arrows. Alas, Cupid ! Now you know the trouble you cause.

CUPID AND PSYCHE

ONCE upon a time a certain king and queen had three daughters. Though all were fair, the youngest was so surpassingly beautiful that words cannot describe her. People who heard of her beauty came from countries far away to see if what they heard was true. No one was disappointed. Indeed, the maiden's loveliness was such that many wanted to worship her instead of Venus.

Jealousy took possession of Venus. She wished to destroy Psyche and bring back to herself the praise she thought due her. "For," she said, "I was given the palm of beauty over my hated rivals Juno and Minerva. Shall a mortal girl take it from me?" She called Cupid and persuaded him to help her.

"My son," she said, "punish this upstart and revenge your mother's injuries. Cause that haughty girl to love, — and love passionately, —

some low, mean, unworthy being, so that she may be as unhappy as she is now happy."

Cupid set out to obey his mother's commands. In Venus's garden stood two fountains; the waters of one were sweet and those of the other were bitter. Cupid took amber vases and filled one at each fountain. Then with bow and arrows as usual, and taking the vases, he hastened to Psyche's chamber. He found her asleep. As she lay on her couch she was so beautiful that Cupid repented of his task, yet remembering his mother he reluctantly sprinkled the bitter water on Psyche's lips. She opened her eyes on Cupid. He was so startled that he wounded himself with one of his own arrows. Cupid, wondering if the wound would affect him as it did others, hastened to repair the wrong he had done. He poured over Psyche's hair the waters of joy. He felt himself unable to injure so lovely a being.

When Venus found that her plan had failed, she was more than ever enraged. She cursed Psyche, swearing that no man should ask her hand in marriage.

The two older sisters had married long before.



Theseus

But Psyche had now no lovers. She did not know of the curse of Venus. When she looked at herself, she saw that she was as lovely as ever. She was the more puzzled to know why no lovers sought her. She grew tired of her beauty, which awakened no love.

Psyche's father and mother were disturbed over their daughter's solitude. They feared that without knowing it they might have done something to displease the gods. They sent to the oracle and inquired the cause. The oracle gave this answer. "The virgin is destined for the bride of no mortal lover. Her future husband awaits her on the top of the mountain. He is a monster whom neither the gods nor men can resist."

Psyche's parents were surprised and grieved beyond words. But Psyche, who had always lamented the worship with which she was flattered, said to them, "Now is not the time to worry. You should have been anxious when people called me a Venus. Now the goddess is angry and is causing me to suffer."

Tired out with the persecutions of the goddess, and seeing nothing but trouble ahead of her,

Psyche now determined to die. Toiling up to the top of a mountain, she cast herself down a rocky precipice. But as she did so, the gentle Zephyr came. He raised her in his arms and carried her away. He laid her on a grassy bank, where she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes and looked around, she felt refreshed. Near her stood a lovely grove. She wandered into it, and in the midst she found a fountain, sending forth waters beautiful and clear. Near by she beheld a palace. From its appearance, she was sure it must be the dwelling place of some god. She slowly approached the building, and dared at length to enter.

Everything she saw pleased and delighted her. Golden pillars supported the high dome of the roof. On the walls were magnificent carvings and pictures. In the rooms were treasures of gold and silver and jewels. While she was looking around, Psyche heard a voice which uttered these words, "Sovereign lady, all that you see is yours. We, whose voices you hear, are your servants, and shall obey all your commands with our utmost care. Retire to your chamber and repose on your bed

of down. When you feel like doing so, repair to the bath. Supper is ready in the adjoining alcove, when it pleases you to take your seat there."

Psyche heard with delight the invisible speaker. Awhile she rested. Refreshed by a bath, she seated herself in the alcove. Apparently without aid of hands, a table laden with the loveliest and most delicate food, entered and stood before her. As she ate the wonderful food, exquisite music came to her from an unseen choir.

All these things did not frighten Psyche. She knew that she was in the abode of a god, and that a god can work wonders. At night the owner of the palace came to her as a lover. Won by the softness and smoothness of his voice, Psyche loved him in return. With each dawn he departed; every night he came back to her. Psyche did not see his face, for he told her that he could not allow this. Once when she begged to see him, he said to her: "Why should you wish to behold me? Have you any doubt of my love? Have you wanted anything that I have not given you? All that I ask of you is to love me. I would rather you should love me as a lover than

adore me as a god. I have good reason for denying you your wish." And for a while Psyche was content.

Happily the days passed for Psyche. Yet when she thought of her mother, her father, and her sisters, who must be miserable because they did not know where she was, she grew dissatisfied. One night she besought her husband that her sisters might come to visit her. Sadly he agreed. Zephyr, who was sent to bring them, returned with them quickly. After kisses and embraces, Psyche took her sisters over her lovely home. "Come," she said, "enter with me my house and refresh yourselves with whatever your sister has to offer." They admired the beauty and luxury of the place. Secretly they grieved because it was not theirs.

They asked many questions about everything, especially about Psyche's husband. Try as she might, Psyche could not conceal from them the fact that she had not seen him. The idea of not having seen one's husband was strange to them. Something must be wrong, they thought, and they told her all sorts of stories of what kind of a person he *might* be. They reminded her that the

oracle had said she would marry a monster. In vain Psyche told them how good her husband was to her. "Perhaps," said they, "your husband is keeping you to devour you. You had better take our advice. Get a lamp and a sharp knife and put them near your bed. When he is asleep, bring out the lamp and knife, and see what the monster is like." Psyche tried to pay no attention to these words. She was angry that her sisters had even suggested such a thing.

When Psyche was alone again and had time to think, she remembered all her sisters had said. Their words and her own curiosity proved too strong for her will. She could not resist her temptation. She got her lamp ready, and by it she laid a sharp knife. Both of these she hid from her husband's sight. When he had gone to sleep and was sleeping soundly, she stole out of bed, uncovered and lighted her lamp, and held the knife ready to kill the monster. Did she find a monster? Ah, no! She beheld the loveliest and most charming of the gods. His golden ringlets curled over his snowy neck and about his pale pink cheeks. On

his shoulders were two tiny wings white as snow and sparkling as with dew. So delighted was she that she held the lamp near and leaned closer to get a better view of his face. As she did so, a drop of burning oil fell on Cupid's shoulder. The young god awoke. He opened his eyes and looked straight into Psyche's. Without saying one word, he spread his gauzy wings and flew out of the window. Psyche tried to follow, but just outside of the window, she fell to the ground.

Cupid returned a moment and looked down upon her as she lay in the dust. "O foolish Psyche," he said, "is it thus you repay my love? After I disobeyed my mother and made you my wife, will you think me a monster and cut off my head? Go. Return to your sisters. You took their advice. I will punish you in no way except to leave you forever. Love cannot dwell with suspicion. Love must dwell with faith."

When Psyche looked up, the beautiful palace which had been hers had vanished and she found that some unseen power had brought her and put her in a field near the city where her sisters lived. She found them and told them her story. They

pretended to be sorry for her, but really the envious sisters were glad that Cupid had left her. They were jealous of her and wanted Cupid for themselves. They went to the mountain where Psyche had been carried by Zephyr to Cupid. Calling him to carry them, they threw themselves off of the cliff and were instantly killed.

Meanwhile Psyche wandered night and day. She could not eat or sleep. She searched unceasingly for her husband. She found at last the temple of Ceres, who told her that unless she gained the favor of Venus she would never find Cupid. Immediately Psyche set out for the temple of Venus. She was afraid of Venus. She knew the goddess was angry with her and she did not know what punishment this anger might bring.

She had no sooner come into the presence of Venus, than Venus spoke. "Most undutiful and faithless of servants," said she, "do you at last remember that you really have a mistress, or have you come to see your husband who is now sick of the wound that you inflicted? I will try you to see what kind of a housewife you are."

She sent Psyche to the storehouse of her temple,

where there were bushels and bushels and bushels of grain of all kinds mixed together. "Separate these," she said. "Put each kind in a pile by itself. Have the work finished by evening."

Psyche was overcome at the thought of such a task. It would take many hands many weeks to complete it, yet she alone was to do it in one day. She sat down in despair. While she was wondering what would be the punishment if she did not obey the command of Venus, Cupid sent a little ant to Psyche. This little worker told her that he and his whole army would do the work for her. He left her, to return in a little while with his workers, thousands and thousands of ants. Soon the huge pile vanished. Many small heaps had taken its place. The ants had divided the grain, each kind in a place by itself.

At twilight, when Venus returned from a feast of the gods, she found Psyche waiting to tell her that the task had been completed. Instead of praising her for having accomplished so much in such a short time, Venus said, "This is not your own work, wicked one, but his whom you have

enticed and caused to love you. I will try you again."

Next morning she gave Psyche another task. She told her to go across a deep and dangerous stream. On the other side she would see a flock of sheep grazing. "Bring me," said Venus, "an armful of golden fleece from these sheep." Again Psyche was shocked at the greatness and seeming impossibility of the task set for her. But Cupid was ever watchful and ready to take care of her. He told the river god to protect Psyche and not to let her cross the stream until the afternoon, when it was smooth. "And do not let her try to pluck the wool from the sheep," added Cupid. "Tell her to wait till the flock is lying in the shade of the trees, then she will find samples of the wool of each one hanging on the bushes through which they have passed during the day." Psyche obeyed the river god. Late in the evening, with her arms full of the golden fleece which she had picked off the bushes, she returned to Venus. Again she was dreadfully abused by the goddess and told that still another task would be given her.

"Here," said Venus, "take this box and go your

way to the infernal shades of the lower world. Give this box to Pluto's new queen, Proserpine. Say to her that your mistress, Venus, desires some of her beauty. Tell her that she is worn with waiting on a sick son and needs new beauty, as to-night she goes to a meeting of the gods." Psyche had been frightened at the other tasks, but this was the worst of all. She was horrified at the idea. She knew it meant certain death. The road was very dangerous. The river Styx had to be crossed. She had to pass the big three-headed dog that guards the gate to Pluto's palace.

While Psyche was musing over the greatness of the task, Cupid spoke to her in a soft voice. He told her of an easy way to the lower world and assured her that she would not be harmed. "Do exactly as my mother has told you and hurry home. Do not tarry. Whatever you do, do not look into the box after Proserpine has given it to you. Bring it straight to Venus."

Psyche obeyed his commands and without trouble found the way to Pluto's palace. The old ferryman carried her safely over the Styx. The big three-headed dog did not disturb her as she

entered the palace. Proserpine filled the box for Venus and returned it to Psyche. She did not dare to linger in these dark places. She started immediately for the upper world. She came quickly to the mouth of the cave and was delighted to feel the air of the earth and to see the light. The worst of the journey was over, she thought, so she sat down a second to rest. As she rested, she thought of the beauty in the box. A terrible desire seized her. "Why," said she, "should I carry this divine beauty and not take just a speck to put on my own pale cheeks? I want to be lovely when my beloved Cupid is restored to me." She carefully opened the box. There was no paint of any kind in it, — nothing that could be put on her cheeks. She found in the box no beauty at all, only sleep, — deep sleep. As soon as it was set free, it took possession of her. She fell into a dead sleep.

Cupid at home was sick and nervous. As he waited and waited, he grew uneasy about Psyche and started out to find her. He was not surprised to find her on the side of the road fast asleep. After a battle with the spirit of sleep, he drove

the spirit away and wakened Psyche. "Again," he said, "hast thou almost perished by thy curiosity. Take this box to my mother. I fear she will be angry."

Meantime Cupid, after much pleading, persuaded Jupiter to intercede with Venus in his behalf and to restore his Psyche to him. Jupiter sent for Venus. The goddess, still out of humor with Psyche, came at once. After a great deal of talking on Jupiter's part, she at last agreed to punish Psyche no longer.

Jupiter called Mercury and bade him bring Psyche to Olympus and present her to the heavenly assembly. Soon Mercury returned, and with him came the lovely Psyche. Jupiter handed her a cup of ambrosia, the delicious drink of the gods. "Drink, Psyche," he said, "and be immortal. Cupid shall never break away from the knot in which he is now tied. Forever you shall live together in perfect happiness."

PYG-MA'LI-ON AND GAL-A-TE'A

THINK of falling in love with a stone statue!
That's what Pygmalion did. But Venus smiles
on lovers, and something happened to that statue.

PYGMALION

PYGMALION, the famous sculptor, was a bachelor. Like many bachelors to-day he saw so much to blame in some women that he came to despise all of them. He had vowed, therefore, to live and die unmarried.

Out of marble and ivory, Pygmalion carved various images. At last he made, out of purest, whitest ivory, a beautiful woman. She was so perfect that when people saw her they wondered that she did not speak and move. She was so beautiful in face and fair in form that no earthly woman seemed so lovely to Pygmalion. After long hours of work on the statue, he had come to admire and even to love it. His love did not stop with its completion. He who had scorned women now found himself passionately in love with a cold ivory figure. He could hardly persuade himself that the beautiful image was not alive. Often he looked at her until he thought an eyelid moved.

He would touch the cold ivory and fancy he felt warm, human flesh. So he loved the statue and caressed it. He gave it presents such as girls like, beautiful stones and jewels and flowers. With these jewels and with beautiful robes he adorned her. He made for her a couch covered with the handsomest and costliest cloth, and under her head he put a pillow of softest down.

The time for the festival of Venus drew near. Pygmalion went to Cyprus, where the great feast to the goddess of love and beauty was held. Many were there to ask favors of Venus. The fires burned, the great altars smoked with sacrifices and the perfumes from incense. After doing his part in the sacrifices, — as each must do if he had a favor to ask of Venus, — Pygmalion stood before the altar and timidly said, “O goddess, who can do all things, give me, I pray, for my wife, a woman like my ivory statue.”

Venus was pleased to answer. As a sign that she had heard, she caused the flame on the altar to shoot up three times in a fiery point.

When Pygmalion reached home, he found the statue on the couch where he left it. He kissed

the mouth. It seemed warm. Was it his imagination, as of old? He touched her arms. They seemed soft to his touch. Did he imagine this?



“When Pygmalion reached home, he found the statue on the couch where he left it.”

Or had Venus been true to her promise? Pygmalion, astonished and glad, pressed his lips to the statue's. Now he knew that she was alive. As

the virgin felt his kiss, she blushed and opened her eyes on her lover. Venus had seen the wish hidden in Pygmalion's heart, and his statue lived ! Galatea, the woman whom the goddess thus strangely gave him, became the sculptor's wife.

HE'RO AND LE-AN'DER

LEANDER loved Hero and every night swam the Hel'les-pont to see her. One night the sea, — but I must let you read the story for yourself.

A-by'dos

Ses'tos

LEANDER SWIMS THE HELLESPONT

LEANDER was a youth who lived in Abydos, a town on the Asian side of the Hellespont. Just across the strait was the town of Sestos, where there was a shrine of the beautiful Venus. At this shrine many times a year great festivals were held. One of the virgins who served the goddess was Hero, a maid so fair that Apollo, it is said, once loved her. People often mistook her for Venus.

At one of the great festivals, the youth Leander was present. Instead of worshiping the goddess, he seemed throughout the ceremonies to be watching the lovely Hero as she went about her duties. She saw his glances. She knew that they brought love messages. Later in the day, he found an opportunity of telling her of his love. Hero insisted that she could not love him, that she was a priestess and must not think of love nor of marriage. She told him that as the gulf sepa-

rated their homes, so they must be forever separate. Leander would listen to none of her excuses. He told Hero that he would visit her that night and every other night. The water, he said, should not keep them apart.

That night as Hero climbed to the tower, which was her home, she looked across the water and thought of the events of the day and of the youth who had vowed to come that very night to see her. So she placed, high in the tower, a lighted torch. Then she waited. When the sun had set and dusk covered the land, Leander swam across the strait and appeared to Hero. He had been guided by the torch. His love made him forget the long and tiresome passage across the sea. Many nights he came. Hero kept the torch burning bright, and waited eagerly for him.

One night in the succeeding winter, a great tempest raged. The sea was more than usually rough. Hero lighted her signal torch, and waited. But Leander did not come. "Perhaps," she thought, "he was wise and did not venture to swim through the wild waters to-night." Thus she consoled herself.



“Overcome by grief, she threw herself into the sea.”

The next morning as she descended from the tower and walked along the cliff, watching the foaming waves and thinking how they separated her from Leander, right below her on the sand they cast ashore the body of her lover. Overcome by grief, she threw herself into the sea.

AT-A-LAN'TA'S RACE

ATALANTA was the strongest of maidens and fleetest of runners. Venus helped Hip-pom'e-nes. Did Atalanta win the race from him?

ATALANTA'S RACE

ATALANTA was a strong and beautiful maiden. The oracle had once said to her, "Do not marry. Marriage will be thy ruin." Led by this prophecy, she refused to think of love and spent most of her time in hunting. To her many suitors, she said, "I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race; but all who try and fail must die."

In spite of such a hard condition, many youths made the attempt. Once a youth named Hippomenes was watching one of these races. "Is it possible," he had said, "that any will be so rash as to risk so much, even his life, for a woman?" But as Atalanta laid aside her robe and made ready, he changed his mind. "I knew not," he said, "the prize for which they ran."

While Hippomenes watched the race, he grew anxious for all to lose; for he wanted the prize for his own. As Atalanta ran, he became more fascinated. The youths who ran with her lost,

and as a result lost their lives. But Hippomenes was still determined to win her.

After the race, Hippomenes offered himself for the contest. Atalanta was sorry when she heard his words. For he was young and handsome. But as he refused to abandon his desire, a day was appointed.

In the garden of the temple of Venus there stood a tree. The leaves and the flowers which were on it were yellow, and the fruit it bore was golden. From this tree Venus plucked three gold apples and secretly gave them to Hippomenes, who now sought with prayers her help in the race.

The time for the race came. The signal was given. The runners leaped forward for the goal. Atalanta had given Hippomenes the start. Hot behind him he felt her breath. He threw one of the apples. Atalanta hesitated, then stooped to pick up the golden ball. Hippomenes shot ahead. Cries arose for him. Soon Atalanta overtook him again.

He dropped the second apple then. Again she stooped, and he gained on her. Immediately she rushed ahead and overtook him. Calling

on Venus to help him, Hippomenes cast down the course before her the last apple. Atalanta looked at the golden fruit, looked at the goal, and calculated. But Venus put into her heart an eager desire for the apple. She stooped a third time.

Amid the cries of the onlookers Hippomenes passed her, touched the goal, and as his prize claimed her for his wife.

CE'YX AND HAL'CY-ONE

CEYX, Halcyone's husband, was drowned in a storm. Read how a god pitied them.

Thes'sa-ly

I'ris

Som'nus

Æ'o-lus

Le'the

Mor'phe-us

THE HALCYON BIRDS



CEYX, the king of Thessaly in Greece, was the son of Hesperus, the daystar. The wife of Ceyx, Halcyone, was the daughter of Æolus, the god of the winds. Æolus lived in a cave. There he had the North Wind, the South Wind, and all the winds chained. When Jupiter was ready for them to blow, he sent a messenger to Æolus, who unchained them.

Ceyx and Halcyone were devoted lovers. Halcyone had of late been much grieved over her husband's state of mind. He seemed very sad,

because he thought that the gods were angry with him. He thought best to make a journey to Delphi, to consult the oracle and see if he could not find out why he was suffering misfortune.

Halcyone did not wish her husband to go. She used all her powers of persuasion to get him to stay at home. She told him about the terrible storms. She told him about the violence of the winds, for she remembered how they frightened her when she lived with her father in the cave of the winds. But her fears could not move Ceyx. He seemed determined. Then Halcyone said to him, "If you will go, let me go with you." He would not agree to this. He insisted that he could make the voyage without her. "Have you grown tired of your Halcyone that you want to get away from her?" she asked. But even this had no effect on him. Halcyone was desperate. She had no other plan to suggest. Yet she knew that she would suffer more at home than if she went with Ceyx.

His wife's words hurt Ceyx, for though he was anxious to let her go, he feared for her the dangers of the sea. He tried to console her. He promised

that he would certainly return, "before the moon shall have twice rounded her orb." Seeing that delay only made it harder for him to leave, he ordered his vessel to be made ready. When Halcyone saw the preparations going on, she was very, very sad. Somehow she felt that something would happen to her husband and that he would never return. With sobs and tears, she bade him farewell. As she saw the vessel moving out into the sea, she fell senseless to the ground. Ceyx would have lingered, but the young men at the oars pulled vigorously through the waves, and were soon on their way. Halcyone, recovering, looked after the departing vessel and saw her husband waving to her. Even after the distance became too great for her to see him, she remained on the shore till the white sails became only a speck on the water and disappeared. In grief and tears, she returned to her couch alone.

Meanwhile the ship rode out of the harbor. The sails were filled with the breeze, and the men had to row no longer. But as the night drew on, the sea grew white and rolling. The wind rose. The master ordered the sails to be hauled in. The

roar of the wind and the roll of the water drowned his voice, and his orders were not heard.

All grew frightened as the storm increased its fury. They shouted and screamed, but no one could hear for the roar of the sea and the noise of the terrible thunder. First the vessel was tossed high — almost to the sky — then it sank deep among the waves. Rain fell in torrents. The skies seemed to meet the sea. The lightning rent the darkness asunder now and again, lighting up all with its glare. But black darkness followed.

Ceyx, meanwhile, thought of Halcyone and of her pleadings with him. Through the rain and thunder and terror, he called for her. He longed to be with her, yet he was happy that she at least was out of danger.

Presently a stroke of lightning shattered the mast. The rising waves dashed over the wreck. Ceyx, clinging to a broken plank, called on the great gods to save him. But in vain. As his last prayer, Ceyx asked that the waves might bear his body to Halcyone.

When the storm ceased, the sea grew still. But Hesperus, the daystar, hid his face in grief.

All this time Halcyone was ignorant of the horrors of the storm that had taken her husband from her. Yet she was counting the days till his return. She got everything ready for his coming. She prayed to the gods, and most of all to Juno, to keep her husband safe and to bring him home to her.

Juno could at last no longer bear to hear Halcyone's pleadings. She grieved to see the preparations for the home-coming of one who would never return. She thought the kindest thing would be to let Halcyone know by a dream that Ceyx was dead. So she called Iris, the rainbow messenger, and said: "Go to the dwelling of Somnus, the old sleep god, and tell him to send a vision to Halcyone, in the form of Ceyx, to make known to her her husband's death."

Iris put on her robe of many colors and departed. She tinged the sky with her bow as she sought the palace of Somnus. She came thus to the cave of the sleep god, where no light ever shone and where there was no noise of cattle, no songs of birds, no human conversation. Silence reigned. There from under a rock the river Lethe flowed. Its

drowsy murmur lulled to forgetfulness all who listened. Poppies grew wild before the door of the cave, and herbs from which Night gathers the juices that produce slumber.

There was no gate to the cave. In the middle of the room opposite the entrance stood a couch of ebony, black as night, and around it hung curtains and plumes of sable hue. On this couch lay Somnus, and around him were dreams and visions, — his messengers. Iris softly entered in her bright rainbow robe. The sleepy god, aroused by the unusual light, half rose on his elbow. Said Iris: "Somnus, gentlest of the gods, soother of minds and of careworn hearts, Juno sends you her command that you dispatch a dream to Halcyone to let her know that her husband has been lost in shipwreck and will not return to her."

Old Somnus had many sons, all expert at mimicking forms, faces, and voices. These he used to send in visions and dreams to human beings. He called Morpheus, because he was best in imitating men. After telling Morpheus briefly what Juno wanted done, old Somnus lay back on his black couch and went to sleep.

There were two gates through which dreams went out to mortals. Through the ivory gate went dreams of what will never be; but through the gate of horn departed dreams that carry with them true messages.

Morpheus, through the gate of horn, flew to the city where Halcyone lived. There he assumed the form of Ceyx. Pale like a dead man he stood before the couch of the lonely wife. His beard was soaked with water and water trickled down from his hair. With tears streaming from his eyes, he said to her: "My unhappy wife, behold! I am your husband's shade. Your prayers, dear Halcyone, availed me nothing. The stormy winds caused my ship to sink in the sea. I have come to tell you my fate. Deceive yourself no longer with hopes of my return."

Morpheus seemed to speak with the voice of Ceyx. Halcyone groaned and stretched forth her arms. She tried to embrace his body but grasped only the air. "Stay," she cried, "whither do you go?" Her own voice awakened her. She started up. She gazed eagerly around. In every corner she looked, anxious to see if Ceyx

were still present. When she did not find him, she smote her breast and rent her garments. Then between sobs Halcyone told her servant of her dream. "I have seen him," she screamed. "I reached out my hands to touch him and keep him, but he vanished. It was really my husband." At dawn Halcyone arose and hastened to the seashore, — straight to the spot from which she last saw Ceyx as he departed. As she looked out over the sea which had borne her lover and husband away, she saw some object floating in. Plainly she saw that it was the body of a man. At last, as it came near, she recognized the form of Ceyx. Weeping and trembling, she stretched out her hands to him. "O dearest Ceyx, my husband, is it thus you return to me?"

Along the sea was built a wall to break the force of the waves. From this wall Halcyone leaped. Changed into a bird she skimmed along the surface of the water. And flying, she poured forth sounds full of grief, sounds sad and mournful. She folded the cold and lifeless body of her husband with the wings the gods had provided her. She tried to kiss him. As she touched her lips to his,

the gods took pity on the sorrowing wife, and instantly changed her husband, too, into a bird.

For seven calm days before and seven after the winter solstice, Halcyone broods over a nest which floats upon the sea. The waters are hushed and still. Old Æolus has calmed them for the sake of his child. Sailors make their voyages in peace and without danger. These calm days, when the way is safe to seamen, we call by the name she bore, — they are the halcyon days.

GLAU'CUS AND SCYL'LA

GLAUCUS was a fisherman who was strangely changed into a sea monster. He loved Scylla and Cir'ce loved him. Finally he won Scylla, but it took him — you could hardly believe how long.

A SEA GOD'S WOOING

GLAUCUS was a fisherman. The place where he fished was a beautiful little island in the river. A lonely spot it was and no one lived there. No one ever visited this island but Glaucus, and one day, as usual, he was alone. He had drawn to land his net, full of fish of many kinds. On the smooth green grass he laid them. As he busied himself with his nets, he heard in the grass near by a rustling sound. He looked around to see what was disturbing his fish. Imagine his surprise at seeing the fish nibbling at the grass in which they lay, their fins moving as if they were in the water. As he watched them, they one and all moved slowly toward the water, plunged in, and swam away.

Of course Glaucus began to try to explain the strange behavior of the fish; for even he, who had been fishing all his life, had never before seen fish crawl on the ground. He looked all around, thinking that some god must be playing a prank on

him, but all was still. The island was deserted as usual. No living thing was in sight. Then he examined the ground, and beheld there a strange-looking plant, one he did not remember having seen before. "Perhaps," he reasoned, "this plant affected the fish so strangely." He plucked some of the unknown plant and tasted it. Scarcely had the juices of the herb reached his palate before he was seized with a desire to get into the water. He tried to calm himself. His effort was in vain. He felt a power drawing him toward the water. At last, worn out with resisting the strange force, he bade the earth farewell and plunged into the stream.

The gods of the water received him gladly and gave him a place of honor in their world. Of course he could not keep the form of a man and live with the water gods. When he thought to look at himself, he was surprised to find that his hair was long and green. As he swam, it floated behind him like streamers of seaweed. When he looked down at his feet, what do you suppose he saw? Instead of legs and feet, he had a long, forked tail like a huge fish. All the sea gods

assured him that he was handsome, and he was pleased by the thought.

One day Glaucus saw a beautiful maiden named Scylla. She was rambling along the shore near her favorite spot, — a nook sheltered by high and overhanging cliffs. She stopped to bathe in the clear water. Glaucus immediately fell in love with her. He swam up to the surface of the water and called to her. She was surprised to see him, and more surprised when he told her how beautiful she was, how much he loved her, and how he wanted her to come and live in the sea with him. Scylla became frightened and ran up the bank. When she reached the top of the cliff, she turned to see this monster who had spoken to her. She wondered at his shape and color, for by this time Glaucus had come halfway out of the water and was leaning against a rock. As he saw her turn, he spoke to her: "Maiden," he said, "I am no monster, no sea animal, I am a god. No sea god ranks higher than I do. Once I followed the sea for a living, but now I belong wholly to it." While she seemed in a listening mood, he told her the story of his sea change. But when

again he started his love making, Scylla hurried away.

Glaucus was in despair. He could not win Scylla, and he thought he could not live without her. He remembered Circe, a powerful enchantress who often helped people out of their difficulties. He went immediately to her island and in pitiful tones begged her to help him. "Goddess," he said, "relieve the pain I suffer. The power of your herbs I know. I love Scylla. She has treated me scornfully. Use, I beseech you, your enchantments to make her yield me love in return."

Circe all the while was admiring the form and anxious to win the love of the handsome Glaucus for herself. She was glad that Scylla did not love him. Feeling thus, she gave Glaucus little consolation in her reply: "If she scorns you, scorn her. You had better pursue a willing object; you are worthy to have some one seek you instead of having to seek another in vain. Be not diffident, but know your own worth. I declare to you that even I, a goddess, and learned in the powers of plants and of spells, would not know how



“One day Glaucus saw a beautiful maiden named Scylla.”

to refuse you. Meet one who is ready to meet you halfway and thus console yourself." But these words were far from consoling to Glaucus. Rather did they enrage him. He swore that trees would grow at the bottom of the ocean and seaweed on the top of the highest mountains, when he ceased to love Scylla and her alone. This made the goddess indignant, but she would not punish him, for she was too anxious to win his love. Instead, she turned all her wrath against her rival, — the poor Scylla. She went through her gardens and gathered the most poisonous of all her poisonous plants and mixed them together. She found Scylla's favorite nook, where she knew the nymph would surely come in the heat of the day to bathe. In Scylla's clear pool under the high cliff, Circe poured this poisonous mixture and muttered over it a horrible curse.

Scylla, of course, knew nothing of the visit of Glaucus to Circe, nor did she know that Circe was jealous of her. When it grew warm, she came as usual to her cool bath and plunged into the water. Imagine her horror, if you can, when she beheld around her a lot of sea serpents and

barking monsters. She tried to escape them, to drive them away ; but as she ran, they followed. She seemed to carry them with her. When she touched her limbs, she touched only the wriggling serpents and the horrible monsters. As she climbed her cliff, she found herself rooted to the rocks. In vain did she struggle to get away. The curses of Circe were at work, and the poor nymph could do nothing. Her temper grew as ugly as her form, till mariners dreaded to pass by the rock, which they called Scylla. For she broke their vessels against the cliffs and devoured the sailors who came within her reach.

But the story has a happy ending. A kind goddess told Glaucus that if he spent a thousand years in rescuing the bodies of drowned lovers the gods would send some one to help him. So it came to pass. When the thousand years were over, Scylla was brought to life. Then both Glaucus and Scylla became young again. In spite of the curses of Circe, they lived together in their home in the sea near the little pool where Glaucus first saw the nymph.

ÆD'I-PUS SOLVES THE RIDDLE

THESE days we solve riddles for fun. Ædipus solved the riddle of the Sphinx and was rewarded — how, you shall see.

Jo-cas'ta

La'ius

ŒDIPUS SOLVES THE RIDDLE

THE oracle of Apollo told Laius, king of Sparta, that if his baby son should live to be a man, the child would overthrow and kill his father, take the throne, and marry his mother. The king, believing this, was afraid of his own son, and gave the child to a herdsman to be killed. The child's mother was grieved to lose her baby son, but when gods speak, mortals must give ear.

The old shepherd pitied the child and did not want to kill him, yet he did not dare to disobey the king. He tied the child by his foot to a tree and left him hanging thus. A peasant found the baby. This peasant carried the child to his master and mistress. They were kind-hearted people and were delighted to take the child and bring him up. They called him Œdipus, which means "swollen foot."

Years passed, and the child grew to be a man.

One day when King Laius was driving along the road, he met a young man driving a chariot. The stranger did not give the king enough road, so the king's servant struck the young man's horse and killed it. Then the stranger in his anger slew both the king and the servants. As the strange young man was Œdipus, part of the oracle's saying had now come true.

A terrible monster had for some time guarded the highway leading to the great city of Thebes. This monster was the Sphinx. The upper part of her body was like that of a woman, but the lower part was like a lion. You remember the story of how Bellerophon with the help of Pegasus killed the Chimæra? The Sphinx and the Nemean lion, that Hercules slew, were the children of the deadly Chimæra.

The Sphinx crouched on a high cliff outside of the city. She stopped every one who passed and asked him a riddle. If he did not answer correctly, he was killed. No one had yet solved the riddle and many men had lost their lives.

Œdipus, who had heard of the Sphinx, did not feel afraid of her. On his way toward Thebes he

was, of course, stopped by the Sphinx. This is the riddle she asked :

“Tell me, what animal is that
Which has four feet at morning bright
Has two at noon and three at night ?”

Œdipus replied, “Man, who in childhood creeps on hands and knees, in manhood walks erect, and in old age with the aid of a staff.” The Sphinx was so ashamed and angry that she threw herself down from the rocks and was killed.

The people were so glad that the Sphinx was dead and so grateful to Œdipus that they made him their king and gave him the queen Jocasta for his wife. And so, though Œdipus himself did not for a long time know it, the oracle was fulfilled.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

“ALL the world loves a lover.” The story of these old-time lovers is always interesting.

Au-ro'ra

Ni'nus

PYRAMUS AND THISBE

LONG ago, in Babylonia, there lived two lovers ; the fairest youth in the land loved the loveliest of all the fair maidens. The name of the youth was Pyramus, and the maiden's name was Thisbe. The homes of their parents were side by side. But unfortunately there was a quarrel between the parents. They forbade Pyramus and Thisbe to see each other.

The cruel parents could not, however, prevent by separation their children's love. The lovers conversed by signs and glances, and ever pondered how they could meet.

It is a very old saying, but a very true one, that love finds a way. Only an old brick wall divided the houses of the lovers, and the way that love found this time was a loose brick in the wall. Though no one had seen it before, the lovers discovered it. Here by the wall they would stand, Pyramus on his side and Thisbe on hers, and

whisper their love words. "Cruel wall," they often said, "why do you keep us apart?" "But," they thought, "that is ungrateful. Surely you are a friendly wall, for we owe you, we know, the privilege of speaking to each other." Many times during the day they whispered through the wall. And when night came, the time to say farewells, they pressed their lips against the wall as a good-night caress.

Early one morning, Pyramus came to his side of the wall and Thisbe to hers. They met to plan a way of escape from their sad plight. They agreed that the next night they would slip away from home, cross the fields, and meet just outside the city at a great monument called the Tomb of Ninus. Near the tomb was a mulberry tree that bore white berries, and under this tree they were to meet. Each pledged not to fail.

After the plan was complete, they grew anxious and impatient for the night to come. Never, they thought, did the night take so long to cover the sky with darkness.

When finally the time came, Thisbe covered her head with a veil and softly stole out. No one



“Near the tomb was a mulberry tree that bore white berries,
and under this tree they were to meet.”

heard her as she made her way to the tomb. She sat down by the mulberry tree. So anxiously did she await her lover's coming that her heart beat quickly and she started at every noise. As she sat alone in the dim light, she saw a lioness approaching. The beast's jaws were dripping blood as she went to drink at the spring near by. Thisbe, terror-stricken, hid herself in a rocky cave. In her haste, she dropped the veil she had worn. The lioness drank from the spring until satisfied. As she turned to seek the woods again, she spied Thisbe's veil. She picked it up in her mouth, tossed it in the air, and tore it, and, leaving it stained with blood, went off to her home in the woods.

Pyramus was delayed in leaving home. When he neared the place where they had pledged to meet, he saw no Thisbe. Looking around he found in the sand the footprints of a lion. Terrified at the sight, he grew pale and searched about more eagerly. Soon he found the veil — Thisbe's veil — torn and blood-stained. At once he thought that the lion had killed Thisbe. He pressed the torn veil to his lips. He covered it with his kisses

and his tears. "O lost girl, I who caused thy death will die, too!" he exclaimed. Drawing his sword, he plunged it into his heart. The blood from his body was soaked up by the mulberry tree. Taken up by the roots, his blood mounted through the trunk to the branches, and all the berries turned purple.

Thisbe had crouched, meanwhile, behind the rock. But she did not wish to disappoint her lover, nor even have him think that she was late in coming, so now she stole forth, hoping to meet him and anxious to tell him of the danger she had escaped. As she reached the tree, she saw the berries, — red berries. She stopped. "Can this be the place?" She wondered. She looked around and saw the tomb, the spring, and in the sand the prints of the lioness's foot. A movement in the bushes near by attracted her. She saw some one lying on the ground, suffering and groaning dreadfully. Shocked at the sight, she was on the point of leaving when she recognized the face of her lover.

Thisbe ran to the body, embraced it, poured tears into its wound, and on the cold lips imprinted

her kisses. "O Pyramus," she cried, "what has done this? Answer me, Pyramus, it is your own Thisbe that speaks. Hear me, dearest, and lift that drooping head!" At the name of Thisbe he opened his eyes. Slowly they closed again. Then, seeing her veil stained with blood, she noticed his empty scabbard. "Thine own hand has slain thee, and for my sake," she said. "I, too, can be brave for once. I will follow thee in death. We shall not be longer separated, I will join thee. And ye wrangling parents of ours, deny us not our last request: Let one tomb contain our bodies. And thou tree, let thy berries still serve for memorials of our blood." So saying, she plunged the sword into her own heart.

The parents, repenting at last, buried them in one tomb. And to this day the mulberry tree, instead of bringing forth white berries, bears purplish red berries to remind us of Pyramus and Thisbe.

VER-TUM'NUS AND PO-MO'NA

VERTUMNUS in disguise won the lovely Pomona
for his wife. See if he was not clever !

THE GODS WHO CARE FOR ORCHARDS

POMONA was a lovely hamadryad, or tree nymph. She cared not a bit for forests and rivers, but she loved the cultivated country and trees that bear delicious fruit. Instead of a spear like a huntress, she bore in her hand a pruning knife. She busied herself keeping her trees in beautiful shape and grafting in the split bark of one tree a branch from another. When the gods sent no rain, she led the waters by her orchards, that the roots of her trees might drink and not die.

Pomona did not wish to be worried by Cupid and his darts. So she kept her orchard gates locked and allowed no men to enter. Many fauns and satyrs loved her. Many sought her, but she would hear none of their love-making. Not Pan himself could win her.

There was one named Vertumnus who loved her best, yet she treated him no better than she did the rest. He came to her orchard in many



“Pomona was a lovely hamadryad, or tree nymph.”

forms. Sometimes pretending he was a hired reaper, he brought in her corn for her. Again, he carried an oxgoad. Once in a while he came with a pruning knife as if he were really a vine-dresser. Sometimes he brought a ladder and gathered the luscious apples. So in various guises he gained sight of Pomona.

One day he changed himself into an old woman. Her hair was gray. She wore a little cap and walked with a staff. Pomona was in the garden when the old lady passed and admired the fruit. Pomona invited her to come in and sit down. The old lady was pleased with the orchard. "It does you credit, my dear," she said to Pomona. As she looked around, the old woman saw an elm tree which had a vine clinging to it. She praised both the tree and vine. "But," she said, "if the tree stood alone and had no vine clinging to it, it would bear nothing but leaves. And the vine, if it were not twined around the elm, would lie prostrate and drag its lovely fruit in the dust. Why will you not learn a lesson from the tree and the vine. Why will you not consent to unite yourself with some one? I wish you would

marry. Many, many suitors want you, but let an old woman advise you whom to marry. Dismiss all except Vertumnus. Accept him. I know him as well as he knows himself. I have known him all his life. He loves you. He belongs to the fields, as you do. He loves gardening and delights in lovely fruit. He is young and handsome. Remember that Venus despises a cruel and a hard-hearted creature. Hear me and marry Vertumnus."

Then the old woman told Pomona about a lovely girl who hardened her heart and would not listen to her lover's pleadings. She was turned into stone by Venus. "Think of that, Pomona. Lay aside your scorn and your delay. Accept your lover."

When Vertumnus, in the form of the old lady, had thus spoken, he dropped his guise and stood before her as a handsome youth. Then Pomona owned that she had loved him all the time. They were married, and a happy life of love and work they spent together in Pomona's beautiful orchards.

THE'SE-US

THESEUS, son of the king of Athens, determined to rid the world of a great monster, the Min'o-
taur. Ar-i-ad'ne, daughter of the king of Crete,
helped Theseus in his undertaking. You will
see how he rewarded her. But the god Bac'chus
gave her a crown. When she died, he cast it
up into the sky. It is there now !

Hip-pol'y-ta

Nax'os

Am'a-zons

THESEUS

ÆGEUS, the king of Athens, placed his sword and his shoes under a huge stone, directing his wife that when their son was strong enough to remove the stone, he should come to him in his palace at Athens. The king left them for the city.

The mother lived with her little son at the home of his grandfather, a great distance from the city of Athens. When his mother thought Theseus was strong enough to move the stone, she took him to it. Theseus rolled it away and found beneath his father's gifts. Proudly now the youth set out for his father's court. Many robbers assailed him on his journey, but he used his sword skillfully among them, ridding the country of such nuisances. At length he reached the palace at Athens. His father greeted him joyously and acknowledged him as heir to the kingdom of Athens.

At this time the Athenians were in great trouble.

The king of Crete had levied a tribute on them, a grievous tribute. Each year seven young men and seven beautiful maidens had to be sent him to be devoured by a horrible monster, called the Minotaur. The Minotaur was very strong and very fierce. He lived in a labyrinth which had so many windings and so many entrances that no one could find his way out without help. The Minotaur roamed through the many caverns and fed on the lost victims.

As soon as Theseus heard of this yoke under which the Athenians groaned, he resolved to rid them of the Minotaur or to die in the attempt. When the time came for the sending of the human tribute, Theseus asked the king to allow him to go with those who had been doomed by lot. His father tried in vain to persuade him to stay at home. So Ægeus sorrowfully consented.

The ship on which Theseus departed bore black sails. At his father's request, Theseus assured him that if the undertaking was successful, the sails of the returning ship would be white.

When they arrived in Crete, the seven maids and the seven youths were carried before the

king. The king Minos consented to Theseus's request, which was that he be allowed to meet the Minotaur alone. Ariadne, the king's daughter, loved Theseus as soon as she saw him. She brought him secretly a sword with which to kill the Minotaur, and a ball of thread by which to find his way out of the puzzling labyrinth.

Theseus, after a great battle, slew the monster. Then by following the thread which he had unwound as he went into the cave, he found his way out.

It was a gay party that set sail for Athens, — seven maids and seven men who had left, thinking they would never return. And Theseus was doubly happy, for Ariadne had deserted her home to marry the hero who killed the Minotaur.

We would think that Theseus would be very grateful to Ariadne. We would think he would love her and cherish her all his days. But mortals are forgetful, and gratitude is often an unknown virtue.

On the way home Theseus stopped by the island of Naxos. While Ariadne was asleep there, he sailed off to Athens and left her alone. His

excuse for this inexcusable ingratitude was that Minerva had commanded him to get rid of her.

As Theseus neared home, — he had forgotten to change his sails, — his father saw the black sails approaching. Thinking that his son had not escaped the Minotaur, he threw himself into the sea. So Theseus, on his arrival, was hailed king of Athens.

There are many stories of the adventures and wars of Theseus. One of his famous battles was with the Amazons, a race of women warriors. He finally married Hippolyta, their queen.

But for Ariadne, — when she awoke and found that Theseus, whom she had loved and helped and for whom she had left her home, had so basely left her, she was sorely grieved. Venus pitied her, and while Ariadne wept and moaned over her plight, the goddess consoled her with the promise that she should have an immortal lover.

Naxos was the favorite home of Bacchus, — one of Jupiter's sons. He was the god of wine and it was from him that the Bacchanalian feasts of drinking and revelry were named. Soon after Theseus departed, Bacchus returned to Naxos.



Psyche

He found Ariadne, heard her pitiful story, and made her his wife.

At their marriage he gave her a jeweled crown which she wore and prized as long as she lived. When she died, Bacchus was not willing that it should be worn by any one else, so he threw it up into the skies. As it ascended, the gems grew brighter and brighter, and they still glitter in the heavens.

THE TROJAN WAR

PAR'IS of Troy carried off Helen, wife of Men-e-la'us. Because of this, there was a terrible war which lasted many years.

A-chil'les, U-lys'ses, and Hec'tor all were gallant soldiers. Finally the city of Troy was taken by strategy and the Trojans under Æ-ne'as set out to build a new city. Ulysses went home to his wife Pe-nel'o-pe and his son Te-lem'a-chus, who had been waiting twenty years for his return.

Pal-a-me'des

La-oc'o-on

Pal-la'di-um

E'ris

Si'non

Cy'clops

Pri'am

Cy-clo'pes

Pol-y-phe'mus

STORIES OF THE TROJAN WAR

ALTHOUGH Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, one day she did a very foolish thing. She entered into a contest with Juno and Venus for the prize of beauty. It happened this way. At the great wedding feast of Peleus and Thetis, all of the gods and goddesses were invited but Eris, the goddess of discord. She was left out because they wanted to have a pleasant and happy time, and they wanted no strife among the guests. But Discord was angry because she had been slighted. While the feast was in progress, she threw a golden apple among the guests. These words were written on the apple, "For the Fairest." Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the apple. They came before Jupiter and asked him to decide who should have it. Jupiter was too wise to decide such a question, for he knew it would bring trouble. To get their contention decided, he sent them to Mount Ida to a shepherd named Paris.

The goddesses appeared before Paris, and each tried her best to persuade him to give her the apple. Juno said she would give him great riches and power if he would give her the prize. Minerva promised him all glory and honor in war. But Venus knew better how to win his favor. She offered him the fairest woman in the world for his wife. So to Venus was given the prize of beauty.

The judgment of Paris, of course, made enemies of both the other goddesses. But Venus kept her promise of giving him a fair bride. She had him set out for Greece, where he was entertained by Menelaus, king of Sparta. Helen, the wife of Menelaus, was the fairest of women. It was she whom Venus had chosen for Paris. She had had a great many suitors. Before she decided on the one she would marry, each had been forced to swear that no matter whom she chose, he would help defend her husband in his right to her if he should at any time need help. She had married Menelaus, and they were living quietly and happily together when Paris arrived. With the goddess's help, Paris stole Helen and carried her away to Troy.

This act was the cause of the great Trojan War. All the suitors who had taken the pledge were called together by Menelaus to help restore his stolen bride.

One of the Greeks, Ulysses, had in the meantime married Penelope, and they now had a baby son, Telemachus. Ulysses said it was inconvenient for him to come to the assistance of Menelaus. But as he had taken the oath, he must show good cause why he could not fight. Palamedes was sent to bring him. As he neared Ulysses, Ulysses pretended to be mad. He hitched an ox and an ass together to a plow, and when Palamedes arrived was sowing salt broadcast over the fields. The messenger thought that perhaps Ulysses was pretending, so he took the baby Telemachus and placed him on the ground in front of the plow. Ulysses immediately turned aside to miss his child, thus showing Palamedes that his madness was only feigned. So he, too, joined the Greeks to restore Helen. He was away from home many, many years.

Achilles was another who did not care to go to war. His mother was Thetis, at whose marriage

supper Eris had thrown the apple of discord. She, afraid something would happen to her son, persuaded him not to go to war. She sent him away to a foreign court, and dressed him as a maiden. He lived there among the daughters of the king. Ulysses, after he was caught, helped find the other suitors who were trying to keep out of the war. So Ulysses dressed himself like a merchant, and took with him a great quantity of jewelry, laces, and things to sell to the king's daughters. Among the things that please women, he placed some swords and weapons to please men. While the girls were admiring the laces and jewelry, Achilles was busy looking at and handling the weapons. In this way Ulysses recognized him. Achilles consented to join the Greeks in war.

Paris, who had stolen Helen, was the son of the old king Priam of Troy. Troy was a strong and powerful city. Hector, one of Priam's sons, was a noble warrior. Although he did not approve of what Paris had done, he helped defend his city bravely. He became the Trojan leader.

The Greek fleet and army took two years to prepare for the siege of Troy. All this time the

Trojans, too, were busily engaged in building strong fortifications to defend themselves. Then commenced the war which was to continue for nine long years. In this war, Venus helped the Trojans, but Minerva and Juno, still angry on account of the golden apple, were on the side of the Greeks.

At last, after long years of fighting, during which Hector was slain by Achilles and Achilles by Paris, the Greeks decided that as they could not take the city by force, they would resort to strategy.

In the city of Troy was a statue of Minerva called the Palladium. The Trojans said it fell from heaven, and believed that as long as this statue remained with them, the city could not fall. Ulysses entered the city with some of his companions. They stole the statue; but still the city held out against all their attacks. Their next plan was to enter the city secretly with great forces. Accordingly they pretended that the Greeks were discouraged and were leaving Troy. Many of their ships sailed out of the harbor. The Greeks who remained built a huge horse which they said they were going to offer to Minerva be-



“They opened the city gates and went out to look at the great horse.”

fore they left. This great wooden horse was hollow and large enough to hold many armed men. On its completion, the last of the Greeks left in their ships. The Trojans thought that they were really gone. They opened the city gates and went out to look at the great horse. Some thought it was really an offering, but others were afraid of it. Laocoon, a priest, said to them, "What madness is this! Have you not learned enough of Grecian fraud to be on your guard against it? For my part, I fear the Greeks even when they offer gifts." Then into the midst of the crowd rushed a Greek soothsayer named Sinon. He told them that the horse was really an offering, and said he would show them a sign that Laocoon was not telling the truth. Immediately two huge serpents, their heads lifted high and their hisses terrible to hear, came swimming in from the sea. Straight to Laocoon they came, and crushed him and his two sons in their coils.

So the people believed that the gods meant they should not believe Laocoon, but should take the horse as an offering from the Greeks. They put wreaths of flowers on the horse's head and

attached great ropes to it. With songs and rejoicing they pulled it inside the city gates. Then they had a great feast celebrating the leaving of the Greeks and the close of the war.

After midnight the Trojan warriors, drunk with their revelings and with wine, lay down to sleep. As soon as the city was quiet, the armed Greeks, who had been in the horse all the time, rushed forth and with little trouble took possession of the city.

After the fall of Troy, the Trojans under Æneas wandered many years until they finally established a new city for their home.

The Greeks with Ulysses, after the fall of Troy, started home again. They had many adventures along the way and encountered many enemies. As they passed near the shores of the country where the lotus-eaters lived, some of the men went ashore. They ate of the lotus, and as a result had no desire to leave the country. They did not want to go home. Ulysses had to compel them to get on board the ships and to tie them under the benches to prevent their deserting, so powerful was the effect of the lotus on one who ate it.

Soon they arrived in the country of the Cyclopes. These were giants who had only one eye. This eye was in the middle of the forehead. Ulysses and some of his men left the ships in the harbor, got into a little boat, and went ashore. They came upon a cave. As no one seemed to be within, they entered and looked around. They found a lot of cheese, and great pails and bowls of milk. In little pens around the cave were kids and lambs.

After awhile the master of the cave came home. He had been out to gather firewood. "Near half a forest on his back he bore." He threw down his bundle at the door of the cave. Then he drove in the sheep and goats and rolled to the mouth of the cave an enormous rock that twenty oxen could not move. He then milked the flock and disposed of the milk in buckets and bowls. Suddenly he looked about the cave as if he heard a noise. With his great eye he took in the strangers. He asked them whence they came and who they were. Ulysses told him that they were Greeks returning from the siege of Troy. When Ulysses stopped talking, Polyphemus, for this was the name of the great

giant, picked up two of the Greeks, crushed out their brains against the side of the cave, and proceeded to eat them. After that, he went to sleep.

Next morning the Cyclops ate two more Greeks, drove out the flocks, and again rolled the rock against the door. That day the Greeks planned how they could escape. They got a huge pine tree that the old giant had used as a walking cane, they sharpened it to a point, and hid it on the floor of the cave that they might find it when they needed it.

As usual, Polyphemus came home at night and milked his flock. Then he made his evening meal of two more Greeks. Ulysses asked the Cyclops to grant him the favor of eating him last. To this the giant agreed. He asked his captive's name. Ulysses told him that it was Noman.

Ulysses then gave the giant some wine that he had brought with him. Polyphemus drank it, and called for more and more till he was drunk. He fell asleep on the floor of the cave.

Now, with the help of his followers, Ulysses took the end of the tree and put it in the fire. They got it hot and pointed. Then they raised

it right above the one big eye in the middle of Polyphemus's forehead. At a signal, they let it drop and it stuck deep into the old giant's head. Thus they bored the old fellow's eye out.

Polyphemus howled and screamed. Drawn by the noise, other giants came to the mouth of the cave to know the trouble. "O friends," said Polyphemus, "I die and Noman gives the blow." Then they answered, "If no man gives the blow, the stroke of Jupiter must not be interfered with, for surely it is his. Thou must bear it." So they left him.

Next morning the giant arose and opened the door to the cave. He stationed himself at the door to stop the men if they tried to pass. But Ulysses and each of his men took three rams, leashed them together, and clinging to the underside of the middle ram escaped the giant. For he felt the backs and sides of the flock as they passed, but he did not think to feel beneath them. As Ulysses was leaving, he cried out to Polyphemus, "If any one asks the cause of your blindness, say that Ulysses has put out your eye." This enraged the great giant so that he lifted a huge

rock from the mountain side and threw it at the ships. It made in the sea such a splash and upheaval that the men were glad to sail away quietly.

After many other adventures, Ulysses landed at Ithaca, his old home. He had been away twenty years.

Soon after Ulysses had left for the war many suitors had come to woo Penelope, his wife. She put them off by saying that when she finished the embroidery she was doing she would marry. But she never finished, because each night she ripped out the stitches she had put in in the daytime.

Ulysses hardly recognized the home he had left so long ago, for besides the usual changes that time causes, he saw numerous suitors, each claiming his own wife for a bride. Telemachus told his father that his mother had given up hope of seeing him, and had said that she would marry the suitor who could shoot with a bow through twelve rings suspended in a line. The suitors, he said, were just ready for the trial. When the suitors in turn had tried vainly, Ulysses, clad like

a beggar, appeared and asked that he might try. This they allowed him to do. He took his old bow which had all this time hung on the wall. With the hand of a master he drew the string and sent the arrow through all of the twelve rings. Then, turning on the men who had claimed Penelope, he shot them all.

After twenty years Ulysses was at home again with the wife who had been true to him, and with the son he had left a baby, who was now grown to manhood.

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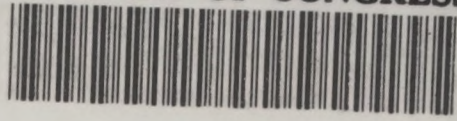
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